

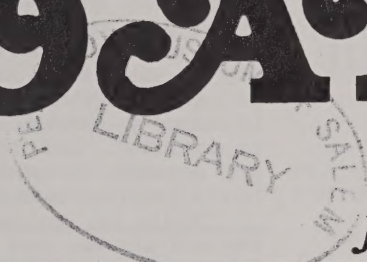


messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 5 ~ Number 17

January 15, 1988





messing about in BOATS

PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH, 24
ISSUES A YEAR. SUBSCRIPTION
PRICE IS \$15 FOR 24 ISSUES.

ADDRESS: 29 BURLEY ST.

WENHAM, MA 01984

TEL. (617) 774-0906

PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

OUR GUARANTEE: IF AT ANY
TIME YOU DO NOT FEEL YOU ARE
GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH,
JUST LET US KNOW, WE'LL RE-
FUND YOU THE UNFULFILLED POR-
TION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
PAYMENT.



Our Next Issue...

Will continue with more cruis-
ing stories; one on heading south
for winter, another on European
canals, a third on rowing the Es-
sex River. There'll be a couple of
racing items; Townie Tom espous-
ing the merits of single handed
racing, and model yachtsmen con-
testing a 4 hour marathon at sea-
son's end. Experiences which
scared one man off sailing and en-
couraged another to take up rowing
will be related. Maybe some more
nostalgia from the Old Town and
Thompson boat people. How an "al-
most" dry suit can get you, and
what some winter waves look like
will provide the scary stuff. More
designs to look at; Bruce Roberts' 246, the Medway Salmon Wherry, a 1903 "Speed Launch". And more
books to comment on; "Practical
Yacht Joinery", "The Low Black
Schooner", and "Chartering Funda-
mentals".

On the Cover...

Getting away on a small boat
cruise, a dream many hold in com-
mon whether sailor, paddler or
rower. Quite a few cruising stories
in this issue. On the front cover a
traditional open wooden boat heads
for some Maine coast islands; on
the centerspread, the cliché of
sailing into the sunset still has
much power to enchant small boat
people.

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

Here it is, the depths of win-
ter for another couple of months,
so I felt like thinking about small
boat cruising for the coming sea-
son. With a number of articles on
the subject in hand from a variety
of sources, it seemed a good time
to start running them. Some are
from other publications, publica-
tions you are unlikely to have
seen, so I obtained permission to
reprint them where necessary. The
geography may not be familiar or
immediately accessible to us here
in the east, but the experiences
are certainly possible within dif-
ferent geographical surroundings.

While the several cruises un-
der sail and oar that are related in
this issue are within the reach of
the average small boat enthusiast,
they did require some personal
drive to make them happen. Two
books I read, and review in this
issue, involved people with a de-
gree of drive substantially greater
than this. The stories of Howard
Blackburn in his GREAT WESTERN
and GREAT REPUBLIC sailboats,
and Robert Manry in his tiny TIN-
KARBELLE, are both about the far
edge of this enthusiasm for going
off in a small boat.

About 100 years ago there was
a period of bizarre adventuring
across the Atlantic in very small
boats. Something got the lunatic
fringe that was planning trips over
Niagara Falls in a variety of bar-
rels interested in getting across
the Atlantic in the smallest pos-
sible boats. While most of them
sailed, to take advantage of the
power of the wind over so long a
distance, there were instances
where a couple of men rowed an or-
dinary dory to England, and another
paddled (and sailed) a collapsi-
ble fabric-covered boat to Portugal.
Like the Niagara Falls adventurers,
many of these Atlantic voyagers
never made it, nor survived the at-
tempt. It was not an uncommon
thing then for people to kill them-
selves pursuing very dangerous ad-
ventures, and society didn't get
quite so disturbed about this in
that era.

But, none of this for me, and

probably not for you. The going
off on short cruises in small open
boats, sort of camping afloat, can
be a much more modest undertak-
ing. The adventure is there in
manageable amounts for the casual
vacationer, one need not train se-
riously for such outings. Cruising
along our coast offers unending
new opportunities for exploration
and communing with nature. Even
the confines of large bays such as
Narragansett or Casco can provide a
lot of quite safe, yet exciting,
cruising. The small scale of a
small open boat does not require
large scale geography.

Last winter we had the chance
to cruise in the British Virgin Is-
lands on a chartered sailboat, and
reported on the adventure at length
in our March 15th issue. We were
actually just guests along with
friends and carried little responsi-
bility for how things went. This
winter, as yet we've no plans for
such a getaway (we didn't last year
either, it just popped up on short
notice). But, in reading about op-
portunities of the sort in other
publications, one particular one did
catch our fancy, the shallow water
cruising offered in Florida Bay by
Key Largo Shallow Water Cruises.

The January 1988 issue of
SMALL BOAT JOURNAL carries a
story on this area, the chartering
firm and the boats. The pictures
are enticing, the boats, Bolger de-
signed 25' BLACK SKIMMERS sound
just right for two, the information
on how and where was pretty com-
plete. The story fell somewhat
short of really developing the am-
biance of the area and experience.
Where they went, what they saw
and did, all good stuff. But not
how it felt.

To me that's the crux of this
notion of small boat cruising, the
"how it feels" doing it. I don't
know as we'll be able to do some-
thing like this Florida Bay cruis-
ing this winter or not, but cer-
tainly I do know I'd like to do it
in the depths of some winter in the
near future. Should be great ther-
apy for deep winter's cabin fever.



ACA SAILING CANOEISTS

Canoe sailing races and cruises. Larry Zuk, 189 Prairie St., Concord, MA 01742, (617) 369-6668.

ALDEN OCEAN SHELL ASSOCIATION

Recreational and competitive rowing in Alden Ocean Shells. 371 Washington Rd., Rye, NH 03870, (603) 436-7402.

AMOSKEAG ROWING CLUB

Recreational and competitive rowing on the Connecticut River at Manchester, NH. 95 Market St., Manchester, NH 03101.

ANORAK

Association of North Atlantic Kayakers, for anyone interested in sea kayaking along our coasts. Bi-monthly newsletter, paddling companions, safety and paddling training, group trips. Bill Lozano, 14 Heather Dr., Suffern, NY 10901.

ANTIQUE BOAT CLUB

For owners of antique Chris Craft motorboats, publishes quarterly club magazine, THE BRASS BELL. 217 S. Adams St., Tallahassee, FL 32301, (904) 224-5169 (days), (904) 562-3767 (eves).

BRAVE BOAT HARBOR BOAT CLUB

Informal racing and camp cruising in traditional small craft in Kittery Pt., ME, area. Lance Gunderson, 226A Harbor Rd., Kittery Pt. ME 03905, (207) 439-9623.

CAPE ANN ROWING CLUB

Promoting the enjoyment of rowing on the Massachusetts north shore with periodic gatherings on the water and ashore in season. Call Pat at (617) 546-9607 or John at (617) 546-9022.

CAPE COD FROSTY CLASS ASSOCIATION

Frostbite racing of Cape Cod Frosty dinghies winters on Cape Cod. P.O. Box 599, Harwich, MA 02645.

CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD ROWING ASSOCIATION

The National Park Service has made available space at the Constitution National Park in Charlestown, MA, for the use of pulling boats. Park Service employees have already organized their own team for rowing one of the 38' French Gigs which will be moored there, and are now trying to obtain a Monomoy from the Cape Cod National Seashore. Other interested oarspersons are invited to inquire about taking part in this new group. Call Bill Foley at (617) 242-5629 for further details.

CHELSEA ROWING CLUB

Recreational and competitive rowing on the Thames River at Norwich, CT. P.O. Box 22, Norwich, CT 06360, (203) 822-8269.

Directory of Clubs

In the interest of assisting those wishing for increased participation in messing about in boats with others, we have set up a directory of clubs involving that sort of boating. What sort of boating? Whatever sort that has brought together people already into some sort of club. You are invited to send us your club's details along the lines of those published herewith. No charge for this. Send your listing to Boats, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984.

COMMUNITY ROWING

Sliding seat rowing classes on Charles River in Cambridge, MA. P.O. Box 2604, Cambridge, MA 02238.

CONNECTICUT CANOE RACING ASSOCIATION

Canoe racing and cruising on Connecticut rivers. Geoff Latsha, 5 West Granby Rd., Granby, CT 06035.

CONNECTICUT RIVER OAR & PAD-DLE CLUB

Enjoying recreational outings in canoes, kayaks, traditional and modern rowing craft on the Connecticut and its estuaries. 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-2343.

KAYAK & CANOE CLUB OF NEW YORK

Promotes activities for those interested in decked boat whitewater paddling from the metropolitan New York city area. Pierre de Rham, Box 195, Garrison, NY 10524.

MERRIMACK RIVER WATERSHED COUNCIL

Promotes environmental awareness of river conditions on the Merrimack River in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Runs canoeing trips for interested public. 694 Main St., W. Newbury, MA 01985, (617) 363-5777.

METROPOLITAN CANOE & KAYAK CLUB

Recreational paddling and sailing of canoes and kayaks in and around the metropolitan New York City area. P.O. Box 1868, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

MID-ATLANTIC TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT ASSOCIATION

Promotes preservation and enjoyment of traditional small craft in the Philadelphia/Camden/Chesapeake Bay area. Tony Tereczuk, 1309 St. Vincent St., Philadelphia, PA 19111.

MINUTEMAN MODEL YACHT CLUB

Radio controlled model yacht racing. Dave Mainwaring, Needham, MA, (617) 449-1892.

NATIONAL TOWN CLASS ASSOCIATION

Racing and cruising in Town Class sailboats, mostly on Massachusetts north shore. 17A Maple St., Nahant, MA 01908.

NISSEQUOGUE RIVER CANOE CLUB

Paddles rivers Maine to Georgia, provides training on all sorts of waters. P.O. Box 124, Kings Park, NY 11754, (516) 269-9696, (516) 361-9548.

NOANK WOODEN BOAT ASSOCIATION

Promoting activities for persons interested in wooden boats of all types. P.O. Box 506, Noank, CT 06340.

NORTH SHORE ROWING CLUB

Sliding seat recreational rowing on the Massachusetts north shore. Bill Graham, 7 Ward St., Ipswich, MA 01938.

NORWALK ROWING CLUB

Promoting recreational rowing in the Norwalk, CT, area with regularly scheduled weekday and weekend outings. Call (203) 846-9167 or (203) 846-8251.

RHODE ISLAND CANOE ASSOCIATION

Canoe racing and cruising on Rhode Island rivers. Paul Paradis, Pole 48, Scott Rd., Cumberland, RI 02864.

RHODES 19 CLASS ASSOCIATION

Promotes racing of the classic Rhodes 19 daysailer nationwide. George Lail, 22 West Shore Dr., Marblehead, MA 01945.

SEBAGO CANOE CLUB

Canoe and kayak paddling and sailing races and cruises in the metropolitan New York City area and elsewhere on scheduled outings. Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

SOUTHEASTERN MASS. AMC

Canoe and kayak recreational paddling on southeastern Massachusetts rivers, estuaries and bays. Chuck Wright, 123 Chester St., N. Falmouth, MA 02556.

TSCA OF THE PEABODY MUSEUM

Monthly meetings of persons interested in all forms of small boating, at the Peabody Museum in Salem, MA, 1st Thursday evening of each month, September through June. Speakers, films, demonstrations, slide shows. Bob Hicks, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, (617) 774-0906.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT ASSOCIATION

Promotes preservation, enjoyment of traditional small craft types, quarterly newsletter, organized meets. Ralph Notaristefano, 3 Jay Ct., Northport, NY 11768.

ROCKPORT APPRENTICESHIP WINTER LECTURE SERIES

"Join us Wednesday evenings at 7:30" states the announcement of this winter series of lectures at Lance Lee's Rockport Apprenticeship in Rockport, ME. No charge, but it's a bit of a trip for an evening program. Still, maybe you'll find something irresistible herein:

JANUARY 20: "Down the Colorado River in a Dory" by Ned Toll.

JANUARY 27: "Wood Technology for the Boatbuilder" by Dick Jahgels,

FEBRUARY 3: "Examining the Older Wooden Boat by Sam Slaymaker.

FEBRUARY 10: "The Outlook for Wooden Boats" by Jon Wilson.

FEBRUARY 17: "Small Boat Cruising Among the Maine Islands" by Dave Getchell.

FEBRUARY 24: "Building a Replica of Herreshoff's ALERION" by John Burgess.

MARCH 2: "The Relationship Between Designer and Boatbuilder" by Joel White.

MARCH 9: Commentary on Sam Crocker's Designs and on 40 Years of Boat Building and Repair at Crocker's Boatyard" by Sturgis Crocker.

MARCH 16: "The Athenian Trireme: Building and Learning to Handle a Replica of a 170 Oared, Triple Banked Greek Warship of the 4th Century BC" by Pul Lipke.

Information at (207) 236-6071.

KAYAKS AT ROWING CLUB

The January 24th meeting of the Cape Ann Rowing Club will be on Sunday afternoon at 4 p.m. at the Blackburn Tavern in downtown Gloucester, MA. Jeff Cooper and Bruce Ward of REI will present a program on kayaks and kayaking techniques. Interested rowers and paddlers are invited to attend and join the Club if they find it to their interest. Information from Pat De La Chapelle at (617) 546-9607.

SEA KAYAK ADVENTURING

If your inclination is to go sea kayaking far off in exotic locales, you might want to request the Sea Kayak brochure that describes the trips organized by Northwest Sea Ventures of Anacortes, WA. They offer major outings in the San Juan Islands and southeast Alaska in the Pacific northwest, and New Zealand and Hawaii trips too. Northwest Sea Ventures, Ocean Kayak Center, P.O. Box 522, Anacortes, WA 98221.

L.A. GRAY INFORMATION WANTED

Reader Stuart Cattell is looking for information about L.A. Gray, canoe builder. Anyone having such knowledge is asked to contact Stuart at 403 Glen Haven Rd., Homer, NY 13077, (607) 749-38120.

HAPPENINGS

MYSTIC YACHTING SYMPOSIUM

Mystic Seaport Museum will host a two-day "Yachting History Symposium" on February 27th and 28th, bringing together leading authorities in this field to share their insights into America's yachting past. This initial symposium will feature "Yachting in the Gilded Age, 1870-1914". Author and historian John Rousmaniere will present an overview and introduce other speakers. Included will be Halsey Herreshoff on Herreshoff Mfg. Co.; Joseph Garland on Boston and Marblehead yachting; John Wilmerding on Winslow Homer's art; Ian Dear on British yachting of that era. A panel discussion will be chaired by Jon Wilson of WOOD-EN BOAT magazine.

A Friday evening reception will be held in the Schaefer Building with its "Gold Cup Racing in the 1920's" exhibit, and another on Saturday evening in the Mallory Building at which Maynard Bray will discuss preservation of classic yachts, showing slides by Benjamin Mendelowitz. Sunday there will be an open house and tour of the yachting collections at the Seaport, both on display and in storage.

All in cost is \$75 per person, including luncheon and receptions (\$50 for Museum members). Information and registration from Curatorial Dept., Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (203) 572-0711, ext. 313.

DOUARNENEZ '88

It's off to France in August of '88 for a bunch of rowing folks if Ed McCabe has his way. As many as 120 high school rowing team youths, plus adult teams also, and several boats. Ambitious? Certainly. Likely to happen? It could, McCabe does seem to find the ways. It's all to be part of a big maritime festival in the town of Douarnenez in Brittany where 100,000 folks gather mid-August for a huge four-day festival revolving around a large fleet of traditional rowing and sailing craft that gather for the occasion. The return match for the "American Challenge" in the French gigs is planned as part of it all. McCabe recently visited the organizers and returned with assurances of their support over there. If we get our people there, they'll take care of everything on that end. We'll have progress reports as this adventure takes shape.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM WINTER SCHEDULE

The Maine Maritime Museum has now released its 1988 winter calendar of lectures supplementing already announced workshops. The lectures listed are held in the lecture room of Morse High School, 826 High St. in Bath from 7-9:30 p.m. with a non-member fee of \$2 charged. The remaining workshops will take place at the Apprenticeship at the Percy & Small Shipyard facility at 279 Washington St. in Bath at hours noted for each, at fees also individually noted. Here is the calendar:

JANUARY 20: Film, "The Seventh Day", a 1921 silent movie filmed in New Harbor and Pemaquid.

FEBRUARY 3: Lecture, "Recovery of the Clipper Ship SNOW SQUALL" by Nick Dean. Recovery of portions of a Maine built clipper ship from the Falkland Islands.

FEBRUARY 6: Workshop, "Recanvassing Wooden Canoes" by Rollin Thurlow, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

FEBRUARY 17: Lecture, "The French at Pentagoet" by Alaric Faulkner, archeological research at Castine.

MARCH 2: Lecture, "The Life and Photographs of Emma Sewall" by Abbie Sewall Schultz, turn of the century art scene.

MARCH 12: Workshop, "Caulking" by John Maritato, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., \$35 prior registration.

MARCH 16: Lecture, "Confederates Downeast" by John Clibbon Brain, Civil War hi-jacking of the Portland - New York steamship.

MARCH 30: Lecture, "Cushnoc, The Fur Trading Fort on the Kennebec" by Lee Cramer, the Plymouth Colony's 17th century outpost at what is now Augusta.

MARCH 30-31: Workshop, "Painting and Finishing" by Paul Bryant, 7-10 p.m. each day, \$35 prior registration.

APRIL 13: Lecture, "Portrait of a Ship, the BENJAMIN F. PACKARD" by Paul Morris, one of the last full rigged downeasters.

APRIL 13-14: Workshop, "Ultralight Boatbuilding" by Platt Monfort, building geodesic small craft, 7-10 p.m. both days, \$35 prior registration.

Information and registration from Maine Maritime Museum, 963 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 442-7401.

SHIP MODEL SHOW

The U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild of New England will host its 9th Annual Guild Show February 8th through March 4th at the U.S.S. Constitution Museum in Charlestown, MA. If you'd like to exhibit a model, entry deadline is January 22nd. Show is open to the public at regular Museum admission fees and hours during the four week run. Information from Eduardo Arini, (617) 776-8359.

THE RIGGING OF SAILING SHIPS

Nicholas Benton of Middletown, RI, runs a specialty marine service doing custom rigging of sailing vessels, large and small. All aspects of rigging, traditional or contemporary, fall within his operation's scope. Over years of doing this work, Benton has accumulated thousands of photos, and now he's put the best of them together into a 70 minute slide/lecture program, "The Rigging of Sailing Ships". The lecture is aimed at interested laymen, not technical experts, the slides show a wealth of detail for expert and novice alike. Presentations such as that of rigging SEA LION entirely with tarred hemp illustrate truly traditional methods. The in-person nature of the lecture permits audience participation and inquiry. If you're interested in this for presentation to a local group at very reasonable cost, contact The Rigging Gang at 1134 Wapping Rd., Middletown, RI 02840, (401) 846-0102.

AND THE COLONIAL MARITIME ASSOCIATION

Nicholas Benton's work on traditionally rigged sailing ships led him into a historical perspective resulting in his organizing a non-profit association of period ship holders, experts, technicians and enthusiasts interested in fostering greater understanding of these vessels, their seamen, and their historical influence. Membership includes professional and amateur alike, the shared interest being in historical understanding. Annual membership fee is \$25. a major focus is development of a reference of sources for the correct information regarding any aspect of historical ships, and member access to such information. In November, 1988, the CMA will hold a two-day symposium on maritime preservation at Plimoth Plantation. For further particulars, contact the Colonial Maritime Association at 1134 Wapping Rd., Middletown, RI 02840, (401) 846-0102.

HEADWATER & OLD WHARF JOIN UP

Tracy O'Brien, designer and supplier of plans for a variety of contemporary dory hull designs, operates from Chehalis, WA, as Headwater Boats. He has now arranged for New England builder Walter Baron of Old Wharf Dory in Wellfleet, MA, to have his designs built for eastern buyers. Tracy will continue to supply his plans and custom design work from his own location, but will refer any eastern prospects interested in bare hulls or finished boats to Walter. Headwater Boats is at 156 Bunker Creek Rd., Chehalis, WA 98532, (206) 748-4089. Old Wharf Dory is at Box W, Wellfleet, MA 02667, (617) 349-2383.

MAC NEEDS ANOTHER ORDER

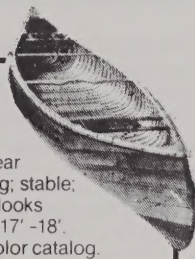
Florida canoe builder/paddler Mac McCarthy of Feather Canoes in Sarasota has two boats now on order for New Englanders, and says if he can get another order from the area, he'll be able to make an early spring delivery trip up here rather than ship the boats with the attendant possibilities of damage in transit. And, he'll be able to do some paddling hereabouts (it is different than Florida) and meet area paddlers.

Reader Betty Bunce of West Falmouth, MA, is one of his current customers. She writes that on a trip to visit her sister who lives near Sarasota, she dropped in on Mac and the result was her ordering one of his handsome wood strip canoes. She continues that she really enjoyed visiting Mac at his shop, as she does all her visits with small boat builders.

So, if you've given the notion of having Mac build one of his very nice little stripper canoes for you, now's the time to act, so we can get Mac up here and add to his paddling experiences. Feather Canoes is at 3080 N. Washington Blvd., Sarasota, FL 33580, (813) 953-7660.

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Traditional Canoe Enthusiasts...

Join the **Wooden Canoe Heritage Association**, a non-profit membership association devoted to preserving, studying, building, restoring and using wooden, wood & canvas and birchbark canoes. Membership includes our quarterly journal, **Wooden Canoe**, annual Assembly notification, and access to hard-to-find books and supplies.

Write to us at:

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association
c/o Edward Cumming
38 Indian Meadow Dr.
Northboro, MA 01532

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West Side Boat Shop 7661 Tonawanda Creek Road Catalogue \$1.00
(716) 434-5755 Lockport, New York 14094

THREE VERY DIFFERENT CRUISES

We don't think there's ever been a Wooden Boat Festival when we haven't overheard a spectator say, "Oh it's so pretty. I wouldn't have the heart to put it in the water." Occasionally they're looking at new construction, but we've heard the remark made to someone like Chris Cunningham who has just finished taking the subject boat down the Mississippi or 2,000 miles along the Intercoastal Waterway. Alongshore loungers often confuse our beloved craft with furniture or other objects that shouldn't be left out in the rain.

Wrong. Wooden boaters use their boats, though in different ways. Here are three cruises of different lengths, undertaken for three different reasons by three very different crews. In fact, the only thing they had in common was that they were cruises in wooden boats. □

ROLLING DOWN FROM JUNEAU

On July 22, our Director went to Juneau, Alaska to bring a donated boat to our CWB headquarters. The boat was a 25' cat/yawl sharpie from Bolger's book, *The Folding Schooner and Other Adventures in Boat Design*. It had unstayed masts, leeboards, and a pair of leg-o-mutton spritsails. Since it was a fully-equipped sail-it-away donation (there was even an engine), Dick decided to singlehand it down.

He hoisted sail and headed south on July 22, arriving at the headwaters of Lake Union on September 21. It was the longest he had been away from the Center for its ten-year history. This brief account is from the postcards he mailed to us during his cruise. It loses something in the translation from the little cards it was written on, embellished with marginal drawings, PSeS, PPSes, & arrows leading from one little gob of tortured writing to the next, but it keeps its immediacy. 28 July, Petersburg

I'm sailing! Not a bad little boat, all in all. The big macho Southeast Alaska winds come sporadically, but it's mostly lazy sailing. First few days beautiful, next poco a poco, last two overcast, cold, foggy. I love it here. It's basically like Puget Sound: just multiply the geographic dimensions by 4 & reduce the human population & its associated dreck by 4, & that's Southeast. This is the first town I've passed in a week. Lonely coves otherwise. Lots of whales, dolphins, seals, sea-lions (some), sea otters (one), seagulls, jumping salmon, eagles, space. The music of nature & a good boat.

Southeast is the space between people. Had breakfast today at Irene's Cafe. Gave me a paper

Dick Wagner runs the Pacific northwest's mecca for wooden boat people, The Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle. He gave us his blessing for reprinting the following three articles from his publication, "Shavings". For more about the Center, contact:

THE CENTER FOR WOODEN BOATS
1010 Valley Street
Seattle, Washington 98109
Phone (206) 382-BOAT



The annual membership dues are as follows:

Student/Senior Citizen	\$ 10.00
Individual	20.00
Family	30.00
Contributing	75.00
Benefactor	150.00
Sustaining	500.00



Marty Loken

The end of an almost endless summer. Dick sails into Seattle's Shilshole Bay the evening of September 21. The oar-like mizzen sprit is an oar. Not original equipment.

from Minot, North Dakota. They don't even know where they are!

The boat sails itself close-hauled. That gives me time to read, write, sing, talk to the fish, & putter. Motor & I don't get along, so I only use it when it's in the mood, which is rarely.

1 August

Made it to Ketchikan. It's amazing how it perches on the edge of a cliff. There is a tunnel through one spur to widen the main (only) street.

Still sailing. Lucky with following winds most of the time since I left Petersburg. Sail last night unbelievable, black as a coal mine & a gale wind behind me. Nothing but me, the phosphorescence of the waves & a blinking light at N. end of Tongass Narrows — all the rest blackness. Scared the hell out of me.

Awed by the space without humans — big waters, big islands, big sky. Sun has come back. Dolphins too. Alaska has the best classic trollers, gillnetters, seiners, & tugs. Saw a neat tug (Foss) that looked like a vintage 1900 still towing & looking good.

4 August

I'm actually held prisoner in this tiny boat in Port Simpson B.C. Crossed into Canada (past 54°40') in a long easy sail. Today we have a S.W. snorting up Chatham Sound. Have 20 miles as the eagle flies to Prince Rupert & no place to stop between. I can't make it in this blow, so lolling in my detention cell. Just noon now & blue sky everywhere. This means N.W. wind tomorrow or my name isn't Captain Cook.

Keep the mayo off my desk, please.

12 August

Northern B.C. is just as awesome, just as lonely, & maybe even more spectacular than S.E. It's a land that will never be tamed — too powerful. There are ruins of canneries all over: amazing

energy expended to clear the trees, build the docks, the buildings, now all returning to mulch.

Prince Rupert best stop yet. Had someone to talk to; listen to. Didn't have to sing to the porpoise & eagles. I sailed so long in a world I can't measure. I slipped & slid with care & caution for three weeks. Maybe I needed a return to dimensions I can understand.

Decided to take the "inside" route; baby the boat, baby myself. Left P.R. in almost calm & ran into 25-30 kt. N.W. winds & wild seas for the rest of the day & all of the next. Two days on a roller coaster. Mizzen sprit snapped like a toothpick but it was too wimpy anyway. Replaced it with an oar I found afloat. Works fine. Main downhaul cleat pulled out. Tie down to mast partners now. Back, shoulders, & wrists still recuperating & it's been two lazy days since that killer sail. I'm waiting for wind or enough energy to yank on engine. Never can tell with that sucker.

Rain (mist) gives that extra air of mystery to this land & it smells good. Quiet except for occasional splash of a jumping salmon.

14 August

I, personally, have just heard the cry of an eagle. I parked next to an eagle's nest at S.E. corner Dowager Isl. Not a big deal sound. Imagine a kid on a squeaky swing — about four squeaks. Yesterday a balmy following wind & 80 temp. like sailing in a hot bathtub. More relaxing than a rum-&-water in the cockpit, watching the sunset, but I had that, too.

Klemtu, tiny Indian village has a bakery! I walked in & thought I smelled heaven. Bought bread & breakfast rolls, still hot. They have a grocery store too — heavy supplies of lard & Velveeta, but they do have crunchy peanut butter. Hurrah for Klemtu. Will try for Bella Bella tomorrow. Wouldn't be surprised if they had quiche.

Please no mustard on desk either.

And please send me a pen, I can't write in pencil.

19 August

I'm on strike. At anchor in Safety Cove we have rain, cold, & S.E. wind. Yuck. Won't go until wind (at least) blows from somewhere else. S.E. wind at this point will only help if I'm heading for Tahiti. I'm considering. I also demand a refund for 5 consecutive days with no sun. My tan is fading. I KNOW we're due for a change soon — 60% sun & N.W. winds this time of year. Statistics, where are you when I need you?

I made this cove at 10:30 last night, milking every little puff from every direction — 18 miles in 10 hours.

So many cruise ships coming & going that I'm surprised there are no collisions. These babies are BIG & the passages are small & twisty. I'm sometimes startled to see the bow of a huge white ship suddenly emerge around an island ½ a mile ahead. I see passengers jogging around the deck, something I can't do.

Back to writing with a pen. I bought out the stock at the Namu store (2). Stopped at Bella Bella, but it was Saturday night & the town was shut.

26 August

Aside from one "10" day for sun (but no wind), this has been a week of cold, rain, no wind, & fog. I got into a little bash in Port Hardy. I thought I

knew what the boat could do, but this time I asked a little too much. Now I know I can't rely on past performance. Almost the same thing happened today but I put my back to the helm & she fell off, just what I'd expected in Port Hardy.

I keep expecting more N.W. wind. Today I made 25 mi. — Robson Bight to Kelsey Bay sailing from 9-5:30. I had to stop because wind usually quits between 6 & 8 & there is no moorage for 18 miles plus I had only 1 hour of fair tide. After that a 5 kt. ebb would stop me like a wall. This is Johnstone Strait & you don't argue with the current. Next flood begins at 1 am & if there's any wind, I'll take it. Kelsey Bay is a tiny nook filled with fishing boats. I was last in, so I tied to a fish boat next to an opening in the seawall & get all the swell. I couldn't sleep here anyway. Okay, after getting all that out, I'm fine. I've had some good sails past 2 days & I'll be back when I get back.

27 August

I wrote a card to you this afternoon, just after arriving at Kelsey Bay after a good, hard, 25-mile sail to find a tiny, no facilities whirlpool of dirty water & knowing I had to wait for the tide change. So I wrote a downer. It's just that coming back to the dirty, tumultuous world seemed unfair. There is no magic at K.B.

Had a special non-dimensional feeling sailing in the fog. Had a great sense of triumph making my destination after 8 miles of blind sailing. Also the thrill of watching a great whale showing off for me for several miles. A parade of orcas followed me into Robson Bight. I could hear them breathing for an hour after dark. Just them & me in the cove.

The dear old tub *Lotus* came by & Curt tossed me a brown paper sack which I caught, thank God. Inside was a bottle of beer, an orange, & a cleverly wrapped slice of rhubarb pie.

I've found some damage from the rock incident in Port Hardy. The skeg split, but it's held by a throughbolt. It looks easy to fix — need to get the bottom painted anyway. I've forgiven the dim-witted fisherman. The skeg got busted while I was teaching him the art of tying the tower to the towee. Tomorrow I will stroll into the village & mail this. Looking forward to more sailing — fabulous days interspersed with simply good days.

L'INSURGENTE AND THE RIVER OF THE MOON

L'Insurgente is seven years old but still dreams of what she will be when she "grows up." You may recall her from boat shows, a bright finished cold-molded eighteen foot open boat people have described as a cross between a whitehall and an Australian #18. When the wind blows, she hoists 150 feet of canvas on two masts, using a sliding gunter rig so that the sails stow on the seats when she has to rely on an ash breeze. In short, she is a handful to sail, just barely stable enough for open water cruising, and yet a big rowboat that takes some doing to get fairly underway.

Her limitations have little to do with her dreams. She imagines herself someday hammering around Cape Horn — or at least circumnavigating Vancouver Island. Knowing that children must have their fantasies, I have sailed her solo from Seattle to that "other" boat show in Port Townsend, and taken her on a circumnavigation of Mercer Island from her Lake Union launching point (don't laugh — it's farther than you think). On one memorable voyage of exploration — she is incurably curious — *L'Insurgente* made what may be the only recorded round trip from Magnuson Park to Bothell Landing. Ah, but that was a mistake. She discovered rivers, and now imagines herself flying through whitewater on the way from Yellowknife to the Arctic.



Jim Sand

L'Insurgente begins her journey down the Ish Rivers.

When I first proposed a voyage down the Snoqualmie to pacify my boat's fantasies, my daughter — who had done it in a canoe — and other friends uniformly exclaimed that I should not risk my beautiful boat in the fast water. That was the wrong thing to say. *L'Insurgente* and I have grown to hate compliments, the ones that suggest she is too pretty and delicate for any real service. Cold molded boats — especially those with 4 oz. fibre-glass on their bottoms and a steel strip along their keelsons are supposed to be "tough." So, on August 12, the rainiest day of the entire summer, I said farewell to Barbara — who had the good sense to forego her original plan to sail with me as far as Carnation in that weather — and slipped away from the DNR launch ramp above the bridge at Fall City at eight a.m. of a morning as cold and gray as mid-winter. It was great weather for remembering the Indian ghosts of the Snoqualmie tribe whose long-house once stood under heavy forest eaves along this stretch of the River of the Moon.

There was not, however, much time for such romantic reflections. The first fast flowing water was right ahead, beneath the bridge. I spun my trusty skiff to back water through stern first, McKenzie style, looking for hidden rocks. Little did I know that this was a maneuver I would repeat, probably sixty times in the forty or so miles to tidewater at Snohomish. As best as I can measure the squiggles of the Snoqualmie and Snohomish on my USGS maps, it is roughly fifty-four miles from Fall City to the open Sound at Everett. From there, I intended to sail home.

It may be a class One river for canoes, but controlling depth repeatedly runs at something less than my six inch draft. I had gone about a mile when my first real rapids was negotiated in panic, an oar half at the ready to fend off a rocky bank as the boat shot through without any real direction from me once I lost control. On the other hand, by that time I had lost the highway sounds, and a few moments later, I'm pretty sure I saw an eagle.

When the going gets tough, the tough get wetter

An hour down river, I came to a second rapids — the one my daughter had particularly cautioned me about. It was still raining — a situation which gave me the choice of watching the river through raindrops on my glasses, or taking them off and losing most of my depth perception. My supply of things with which to wipe them off had already become sodden — it was a problem I coped with in one fashion or another all day — and all night — but that comes later.

This time I deliberately beached, and stepped out in my 9" sailing boots. My jeans were rolled up inside my heavy foul weather gear. I figured on getting out occasionally and thought I had planned for it. Wrong!

Somehow, too little water to float the boat without me in it, has no trouble piling in over the top of much higher boots, or creeping up my leg to eventually saturate the jeans. Meanwhile, water pressure makes it tough to slide the boat over to a spot where it will float through. There is a good deal of dragging — and wondering what the small

smooth stones are doing to the bottom (scoring it, but not badly). Afloat, splashing into the boat with boots full of water, I barely have my oars out before it is necessary to dive over the side a second time as *L'Insurgente* grinds to a halt and begins to swing broadside — threatening to plunge off the bar and into a huge tree that is stranded on another part of the bar. But, a little farther on, I delighted in watching a mother merganser try to lure me away from her hurrying brood of half grown ducklings.

As the day wore on, I discovered some amazing things about this river which skirts our megalopolis, running just beyond the outlying suburban hills, never more than twenty-five miles from the I-5 corridor. Though it often runs through farmland, you can hardly tell that from the channel. Roads rarely track it for long. Bridges lie eleven or twelve miles apart. Only at those points are you likely to see another human; and the deer, the hawks, the ducks, swallows, catbirds and the big migrating salmon which occasionally jump nearby can all too quickly convince you that you are deep in a wilderness only marginally scratched by man. Of course the most common form of wildlife along the river is the black and white Holstein cow — but they're fun too.

Half water, half gravel

It took the best part of four hours to reach Carnation, where the Tolt adds very little water to the slowly growing main stream. I grounded out once more north of the Ames Lake Road, then, when I stopped for lunch on a bucolic bar with temporarily lightening rain, decided I could dry off my sodden feet and put on my spare socks. Wrong!

The river continues to have bars at unexpected intervals. There was one bad rapids I reached about six pm between Duvall and Monroe in a driving rain, and there were three or four more nasty shoals the following morning along the Snohomish north of Highway 522. By then, I had gotten smart and was letting my feet rot in my boots without benefit of socks — at least I thought so until I tried to get the boots off and found they had converted themselves to suction cups.

Yes, I did spend the night on the river. I made 37 miles or so in almost 13 hours — not quite the pace I had imagined, but by nine it was getting too dark to see. I had reached the junction of the Snoqualmie and the Skykomish — just south of 522, expecting to find a broader deeper river beyond there, only to discover the Sky a mere trickle, and the deceptive river you see from the bridge just before Monroe to be running fast over a broad flat bed about 6-9" deep.

I camped on a small sandbar, building a tent over the forward part of my boat with the sails, and avoiding the water accumulating in the bottom by making a bed on the thwarts out of four oars and the lifejackets. I managed to get my plastic wrapped sleeping bag and dry clothes in with me, and with some contortions, actually spent a nearly dry night despite the fact that it was the wettest I have ever spent out of doors — still bucketing down in the morning just as it had been when I went to bed.

L'Insurgente meets a pinniped celebrity

But I have skipped the high point of the trip. Just north of Carnation, I suddenly caught sight of what looked like a small whale. It was, in fact, a fur seal — probably “Monroe,” the fellow who made the headlines by ending up in a pasture off the Skykomish the following week. But if it was Monroe, he was not alone. I counted either five or six of the charming little critters — well, not so little — playing in various pools of the river along a stretch of about a mile. I assume they were steel-heading just like the unfortunate fishermen I had spotted a mile further upstream. One of them, a smaller playful yearling, followed me for about fifteen minutes, sliding over the shallows on his/her tummy and giving me a very good look so that I could report the phenomenon to the Aquarium later. At the time I didn't know the experience was all that unique.

Most of the seals didn't stay upriver. They passed me about three am on their way back to sea. I know that because the river there was shallow and they made the most terrifying slaps of their tails right nearby to shock me from my sleep. It took a while, but there was just enough light to see them heading down — the birds in a marsh across the river went crazy, and didn't settle down for an hour afterwards. By then, it was morning and time to push on down my wilderness river in the rain.

The rain had pretty well stopped by the time I reached Snohomish and civilization of sorts. I had planned to call Barb to let her know I was all right, but the bank is rock and sixty feet high. I kept rowing only to discover I was now fighting a flood tide and a northwest wind. Even this lower tidal river has some beautiful stretches and tends to be desolate. I saw only a few people in a day and a half on the river, and no boat underway until I had entered the city limits of Everett. There, I made my call, and, though behind schedule, banked on that lovely nor'wester for a fast passage home.

Naturally, it died as soon as I put up my sails off Everett. I rowed on to Mukilteo, where the wind came up again — from the south. Sailing for two hours netted me three miles, so I went back to the looms. Finally, at eight pm, a total of 28 hours underway, 26 of those and 70 miles on the oars, I decided that Edmonds was close enough to call it home. It was a great trip on a very special river. My only concern is what that silly boat is going to dream up next. — Jim Sand □

SOUTH SOUND, PHILOSOPHY, AND THE CHARMS OF SUBJECTIVE REALITY

Someday I will publish a Philosophy of Rowing. A large section will be devoted to the interaction between rowing and thought. The combination of exertion and rhythm in rowing seems to virtually create thoughts. Expansive, meditative, serene thoughts. Maybe it's improved circulation, maybe it's endorphins, maybe it's just our brains peacefully rocking in the sea inside our skulls. Whatever it is, it makes rowing the ideal physical activity for the reflective temperament. I plan to dictate much of my philosophy while rowing.

Reflecting on the differences between objective and subjective reality during one row, I developed a theory that there are two ways to get away for a vacation. One is to go someplace new and to literally get away. Another is to approach familiar territory in a new way and see it from a different perspective. It was in this sense of subjective search that Deborah and I loaded camping gear, water, and freeze-dried food in *The Lady Deb* for a four-day circumnavigation of Hartstene Island.



Chas Doud

A golden morning on Squaxin Island. Deborah loads gear as we wait for a little more tide.

Two of our camps, Squaxin and McMicken Islands, would be familiar, but the theory of the subjective getaway held that approaching them as part of a trip instead of as day rows or overnights would invest them with some new aspect. Our first stop would be a new one, Jarrell Cove. That would add considerable subjective distance, since it was already something of a Flying Dutchman or Moby Dick destination for us.

We'd tried to get there twice before. The first time, we got a late start on the hottest day of the summer. A basic characteristic of small open boats is their total lack of shade. Combine that with the effort of rowing and a strong adverse current (I've never found any other kind) and nobody's gonna get to Jarrell Cove. Our second try was in early October. There was a brisk headwind that grew brisker with every stroke. By the time every fourth whitecap started crowding aboard, we decided to heave to, have lunch, and wait for things to abate a bit. They abated not a jot. It took us only twenty minutes to row back over a course that had taken us two hours to row outbound.

This time, things looked much more promising. The sun, though bright, lacked the polished brass intensity that had scorched us like two peas on a griddle. The wind was from dead ahead (I've never found it to blow from any other quarter) but it had nothing of briskness in it. After about an hour, I slipped into the thoughtful, musing habit of mind I've been talking about.

Paddling a kayak or a canoe might combine exertion and rhythm in the proper proportions for rowerthought, but both have the disadvantage of facing uncompromisingly straight ahead. Looking ahead, there's always the nasty tendency to strive. Ahead is the goal, the destination. It is the nature of destinations to cry out for arrival. They call one forward, making the getting there more important than the going there. By contrast, everything a rower sees has already happened. Instead of being reduced to a frame surrounding an objective, the rowing vista is a totality, with each part equally important. It can all be regarded with equanimity. It is past and can trouble you no more. Rowing is for historians.

Jarrell Cove and Tin Canoes

Jarrell Cove proved to be an excellent first-night destination. It trails off into five or six narrow dead-end inlets which grow, shrink, and change

shape with the tide. There's shade on a hot day, shelter on a windy one. More to the point, exploring little leads like these is what gives small-boat cruising its own unique interest and charm.

Our campsite looked out at the sunset and down at the float *The Lady Deb* shared with a group of teenage Wildlife Federation field-trippers in aluminum canoes. I know tin canoes are cheap.

I know they're light, interchangeable, and well-nigh indestructible. But being paddled across a mirror-smooth, sunset-gilded inlet in the twilight's placid calm, they have the charm of a garbage truck in the compact and pack cycle. It must be sheer agony to a teenage paddler. Imagine being stuck in the hell of huge feet, cursed with not enough beard to shave and too much not to, aflame with acne, and trying to look for once as if you're good at something. Yet no matter how minor your mistakes, each one is amplified by the magnificent resonance of the metal hull into a ringing announcement that once more, you've done something hopelessly inept. As for stealing up on wildlife, you might as well try creeping quietly over a loose stack of iron skillet. I don't think there's ever been a quietly paddled aluminum canoe. By the time paddlers can manage a canoe well enough to avoid banging the gunwale, they're too knowledgeable to get in a tin one. All these paddlers had braces on their teeth. I don't know if that is another aspect of tin canoes or not.

The next day brought the longest pull of the trip, down Pickering and Peale Passages. The chart showed a one and a half knot tide that should have helped, but as with any favorable tides charts show, it never materialized. I'm always amazed that something that has been demonstrated so often still has the power to disappoint me. There was a moment of excitement just before we reached the Hartstene Island bridge. Another boat was approaching under oars. In seven years of rowing, we've only met another rowboat four times and twice it was Bryce Woods. This time it was two nine year old boys out fishing in a converted El Toro. It looked like the fish were safe.

At the head of Squaxin Island, we finally found a tide on the water that corresponded with a tide on the chart: strong, predictable, right where it should be, and of course going the wrong way. Someone is logging the island just north of the park. Unsettling.

I got out the 200 foot mooring line, purchased specially for offshore mooring. One good working definition of a sailor is someone who can't abide the way someone else coiled down a line. Fresh from the chandlery, my new anchor rope looked like the motor of a rubber band airplane ready for launch. Two hundred feet of line is just too much to keep in order. I don't believe even the Divine Fisherman could keep 200 feet of line clear. By the time we got the whole shebang stretched out on the beach and the kinks taken out we decided to haul the boat up with the tide and leave it where the morning high would float it off.

From our campsite, about ten miles from Olympia and fourteen from Tacoma, there wasn't a single light on the opposite shore. The Milky Way stretched from horizon to horizon and we spent a goodly time observing it.

South Sound's Relentless Predators

That was the night the mosquitoes found me. I'm someone the mosquito nation regards as a major crop. Deborah is never bitten. She thinks this is really funny and makes jokes about it. I think it's funny too, but not quite as funny as she thinks it is. Even with years of experience as a food source I was impressed by the artistry of Squaxin Island's mosquitoes. One had such an elegant sense of proportion that she was able to nip me on the back of the wrist on just the point my watch stem touches at the end of each stroke. Imagine. That's more than 3,000 little taps on that mosquito bite in a ten-mile row. It isn't exactly the Death of a Thousand Cuts, but it does its best. Another *musca* artiste managed to put the bite on me in one of the creases of my right thumb knuckle where it flexes at the beginning of each stroke. Compared to the teamwork of those two, the Iron Maiden who stabbed through a knee-high Dunlop deck boot and two pairs of bootsocks to tag me just above the anklebone was nothing more than a vicious mugger.

By the time we rowed into Boston Harbor for water, Deborah and I decided that two factors were responsible for the effectiveness of our subjective getaway. First, even though the area we were cruising was pocked with development, one or the other side of our course was still wooded and wild. By ignoring the side with the houses we could feel as remote as if we were rowing in Southeast Alaska. It's much easier than ignoring the telephone. To those who complain that South Sound is half ruined by suburbs, we reply that it's half forested.

There's also no comparison between the packing, driving, launching, and recovery bustle of a day trip and just climbing into the boat each morning and starting to row. Let's face it, rowing a heavily-loaded boat 10 to 15 miles in a day can be quite relaxing if it's all you're going to do.

Boston Harbor was filled with fishermen, all cheerily shouting "stroke, stroke, stroke" at us. Watching them we wondered why all small powerboats have their wheel on the right-hand side. The requirements of driving on the right that moved auto drivers to the left-hand seat seem to have been completely ignored by naval architects. And why don't people in boats of less than 30 feet ever bring their fenders aboard? Even more baffling is why they never sit down in the driver's seat. No matter what sort of simian stoop they must assume, no matter how much they must kink their neck, they stand. It doesn't matter if they're going three knots or thirty, there they are, looking as if they're trying to bite their windshield on the jugular vein. Probably they can't see from the right side of the boat.

Coming around from the southeast end of Hartstene we rowed by an aquaculture experiment. Every half-mile or so a group of young divers in a rag-tag collection of grimy workboats were setting out what looked like grey plastic egg

crates, trying to increase oyster yields. The Fisheries prof in charge was cruising from ship to ship of his ragamuffin navy in a beautiful Coolidge-design Lake Union Dreamboat, typifying the usual relationship of management and labor.

Lord Nelson Never Had These Problems

At McMicken, 11.4 acres of island, we were the only campers. The beach is rough, barnacle-covered cobble dotted with rocks the size of office desks. It was our first chance to use the legendary CWB Clothesline Reel Mooring, described in these pages by Dave Cox several years ago. Lots of people have talked about this technique and everybody seems to agree that it's a good idea, but the concatenation of circumstances that make it both possible and necessary for a rowboat are few and far between. I rowed out and hunted for a large area free of big rocks that would make a good surface to ground out on. I rigged and dropped the anchor. Returning to shore, we took down the expedition's flag and hoisted an anchor light on our jackstaff. Finally we hauled the boat out onto its station. There were three other boats anchored near the island that night and only ours had an anchor light. It took until next morning to see the rock hidden directly under the stern that would give our boat the posture of a prayerful Muslim when the tide ran out. Oh well.

Rowing for home the next morning, we were surprised when the rocks on the north beach suddenly erupted into a frenzy of spasmodic activity. It was a herd of 25 harbor seals. One minute there was only an inert, anonymous collection of lumps and the next minute the whole beach was a frenzy of clumsy, ungainly motion all heading for the safety of the water. Then just as suddenly we were surrounded by a silent flotilla of smoothly-gliding heads that look engagingly like dogs. I might mention that Sound Sound is chockablock with harbor seals. We have had them come up under us and bump our keel, just to attract attention. The same rhythm that produces rowerthought seems to be a powerful seal attractant.

Arriving at our Vaughn Bay launch point, Deborah defined the whole secret of a successful subjective getaway: "You have to be away long enough that you feel like you've been away longer and not so long that you thought it would never end." — Charles Dowd □

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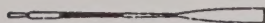


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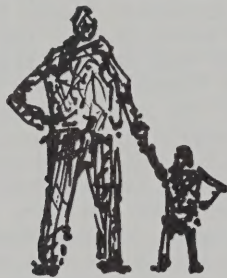
ADVENTURES IN A TOWNIE

By Tom



The Ringer

He came with a child in tow. "I couldn't find a babysitter," he explained. "Mind if the kid comes along?" he asked.



IN TOW -

"Not at all," I grumbled, staring at the threatening sky. I found a child's life jacket in one of the lockers, tied it on the tot and sat the bundle in the bow of the dory. The Ringer sat in the stern. I manned the oars, rowing cautiously out to the Townie, impeded by bags of sails and extra clothing that found their way to the bottom of the boat to suck up all the bilge water they could.



ROWIN OUT

"This is a cup race," I stated, "WHOEVER WINS gets a cup."

"I know," he replied, smugly. Then he recited his accomplishments: "I was Turnabout champ here for years; won the Town class a few years; became the Mercury champ when I raced in Marblehead; moved to the west coast and designed and raced boats there..." he went on and on.

Damn, I felt small with my first boat. "I tell you what," I interrupted, "why don't you skipper the boat. I'd just as soon crew and putter around with things."

"That would be great...if you don't mind. I'd certainly like to see what this boat can do."

I saw the Townie turn toward us and grunt.

When we arrived, he leaped aboard and started looking things over. I threw the kid and sails

aboard. When I climbed in, the Ringer was listing our handicaps.

HANDICAPS



"Does it always take on this much water?"

I started bailing. "Just about," I apologized.

He pulled the jib out of the bag. "This is ripped."

"Just a small tear. I've got some tape."

"A batten's missing."

"I never had a batten for that pocket," I explained.

"When were these sails made?"

"Sixty-six."

"My God, they're ancient! Where's your masthead fly?"

"It blew off."

"The stays are too loose."

"They're rusted. If I tightened them they'd break."

"The bottom looks fouled. Do you have a brush?"

"No."

"There's play in this tiller," he finally accused me.

"I never noticed," I lied. I took a short line and tied the kid to the traveler. The sky looked terrible. We raised the sails and started out for the line. The Ringer pulled up his sleeve and started pressing buttons.

"My God, I exclaimed to the boat," he's got a watch. We're going to have a timed start!"

"Pay attention and you may learn something," the boat said.

We raced jauntily up and down the line, then the Ringer yelled, "Sheet in!" We gained speed, bargaining. Other boats got out of our way, thinking we were too early.



UP & DOWN THE LINE

We were clearly over the line before the gun was fired, but we were not recalled.



OVER

"That was a good start for an illegal start," I said jovially.

"You've got to take chances," he said, sinking into a state of catatonic concentration.

We crossed other boats while on a port tack, blocked their wind, got into luffing matches needlessly, blanketed and tacked too close to other boats, making ourselves a general nuisance, while all the time the Ringer was yelling warnings, threats and commands.

"Mast abeam."

"Luffing."

"Starboard."

"Buoy room."

Never caring whether he was right or wrong. He went out of his way to foul other boats.

"Where's your protest flag?" he demanded.



**WHERE'S YOUR
PROTEST FLAG?**

"I don't have one."
"How can you sail a race without a protest flag?"

I stared at him dumbly.

The kid had fallen asleep in an awkward position. I tried to straighten it out. It would wake up and resist comfort, to fall asleep again in the same broken doll position. "It must be part of the kid's training," I told myself. "He must have great plans for this kid in the world of sports."



BROKEN DOLL

"This mainsheet doesn't run free," he complained.

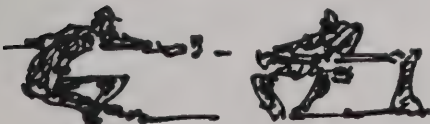
"Set the vang tighter," he ordered.

"Trim the jibsheet. The wind must be blowing right through those sails. You need a new set."

All during this time I had the uneasy feeling that when I turned to check on the kid, the seat would be empty and the taut line would be hanging over the transom, concluding that kids will go to no end to torment adults they are dissatisfied with. But each time I checked, the kid was there uncomfortably asleep.

"Want a beer?" I offered the Ringer.

BEER?



"Not when I'm racing," and then added with determination, "this race isn't lost 'til it's won."

"He's going to agonize until the winning gun is fired," I whispered to the boat.

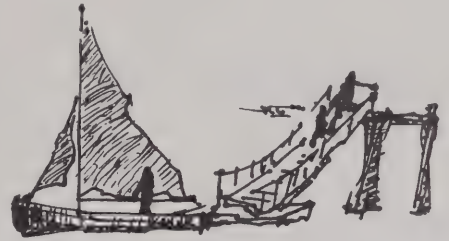
Eventually the gun was fired, but we continued to bully the other boats until we crossed the finish line. I took over the tiller and sailed to the dock.

"Thanks for letting me use your boat," he grunted with frustration, as he dragged the child up the ramp to disappear forever.

"Did you learn something?"

"No," I said angrily. "I don't

know why the kid didn't jump overboard. I wanted to!"



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Couple row, row, rowed their way to Alaska

Several years ago we carried a series by Peter Ashenfelter of Lopez, Washington, on his solo row to Alaska in a Swampscott dory. It really defined for us the way a traditional pulling boat could provide adventure. This past summer, another rowing trip to Alaska occurred, this one done by a newly married couple, Chris and Cindy

Cunningham. Chris had earlier earned some notoriety by paddling a paper canoe from Quebec to Florida along Nathaniel Bishop's route, and then done Bishop's trip from Pittsburgh to the Gulf in a sneakbox. The trip to Alaska was done in a Scandinavian style boat Chris built, and had rewards for him, in sharing it with his wife,

that were absent in the solo trips. The HERALD of Everett, WA, published the following report on the trip in its NORTHWEST LIFE section last August and it makes good reading for any rowing enthusiast anywhere. Our thanks to paper canoe enthusiast Walter Fullam for sending this to us.



The Herald/MICHAEL O'LEARY

Cindy and Chris Cunningham on an evening row off Edmonds: "Boats were the only thing left to do."

By PENNY PARKER
Herald Writer

When Chris and Cindy Cunningham say they took an Alaskan cruise, they aren't talking about the Love Boat.

They never joined the captain for dinner at his table.

They never played shuffleboard.

And there wasn't a Jack Jones-type lounge lizard entertaining in the first-class bar.

Rather, this Edmonds couple row, row, rowed their small wooden boat 900 miles from Anacortes to Juneau, Alaska.

Northwest lifestyle

It took \$500 in materials and six months of Chris' sweat to construct the 21-foot-long and 50-inch-wide replica of an 1870-era Norwegian vessel.

The first time Cindy, 31, stepped foot in her floating home was the day they launched. While Chris, 33, worked on the boat and plotted the trip, Cindy was occupied with finishing her master's degree in library science at the University of Washington and planning the trip's essential element — the food.

"I knew we'd get really grumpy if we didn't have good things to eat," Cindy says. Armed with a book on kayak cookery and a food dehydrator, Cindy concocted an arsenal of soups and sauces that would hold them over between grocery trips in towns along the route.

And snack food had to always be within an arm's reach to keep up their rowing power.

"I never ate so many crackers in my life," she says, laughing.

Cindy can still laugh after nearly eight weeks of sore muscles, fierce wind, driving rain, ravenous mosquitoes and episodes of bailing water. In fact, she says, this adventure gave her a window into Chris' world — a world that included a 1983 rowing trip from Quebec to Florida and a Pittsburgh-to-Florida odyssey in 1985.

The first trip was in a paper canoe. His inspiration came from Nathaniel Bishop, an East Coast outdoorsman who wrote about his 1874 trek from Quebec to Florida.

"Chris decided if Nathaniel Bishop could do it in a paper boat then he could," says Francis Cunningham, Chris' father. But they don't make paper like they used to, Francis says. Chris' boat disintegrated over the course of the trip. The remains are stored in the loft of the senior Cunninghams' Edmonds home.

"Physically it was not as hard as I thought it would be. There were days when I just didn't want to row but it was best not imagining 900 miles all at once."

"It's all beat up, smashed and scraped," he says. "It's not much to look at but it had a glorious history."

The 1985 trip was in a sneak box (a duck-hunting boat) that Chris built. Francis describes the vessel as a large pumpkin seed. That, too, is in dry dock in the back yard.

"Oh, God, it's awful," Francis groans. He slaps the knee of his grease-stained pants. "One time I counted 25 boats in the yard between shells and ones that needed repairing. I prefer to call it a museum but it's a mess."

A deep-water blue sweat shirt, a once-white cap and rubber boots complete Francis' uniform. This is a man who works on the water. Francis coaches rowing for the Lake Washington Rowing Club and repairs shells for Washington's college clubs. He and Chris come from a long line of boatmen.

"Chris' paternal great-great grandfather had a merchant vessel in Boston," Francis says. "He had a triangle trade with Barbados where he got rum."

But it wasn't until his interest in backpacking waned and he was nearly killed in a biking accident that Chris took a serious interest in boating.

"Boats were the only thing left to do," Chris says. "It was a way I could travel without the drudgery of hiking or the danger of biking."

Boats also brought the couple together. Cindy was a reporter for the now-defunct Edmonds View newspaper when Chris returned to Snohomish County after the paper canoe trip. She was assigned to interview him. After they decided to get married the twosome spent most of their engagement apart while Chris rowed from Pittsburgh to Florida.

Determined for Cindy to share his world on the water, Chris dreamed up the Alaska adventure while building the boat.

"I was up for the adventure," Cindy says. "Physically it was not as hard as I thought it would be. There were days when I just didn't want to row but it was best not imagining 900 miles all at once."

Chris smiles. "I knew she was strong enough to do it," he says. "And she's pretty hardheaded."

But even this hardheaded blonde thought of packing it in. That was the day powerful winds forced them to bail water three times. In Cindy's version of the story, conditions were almost unbearable. Chris had seen worse.

"They were bad conditions," he says, "but we were not in significant danger."

Chris says the highlight of the trip was the day a gray whale passed under the boat. Cindy says she'll never forget coming face-to-snout with a grizzly bear while visiting a friend on Admiralty Island. They both will never forget their first wedding anniversary on June 21. They made camp on Helmcken Island.

"It had rained all day," Cindy says. "Chris built a big fire and proceeded to melt our cups. We ate everything out of those cups. Then he tried to dry my socks and burned a hole in one of them."

Cindy prefers to count the night before as their anniversary celebration. They spent that night at an inn snuggled in feather beds sleeping off a hearty dinner.

They were offered free showers, meals and places to sleep all along the trip, Cindy says. Even so, they arrived in Juneau with pocket change left over from \$550. And a Visa card.

Chris and Cindy say after the initial joy of completing the odyssey wore off, they both felt depressed.

"We got into a routine where all we had to do was get up in the morning and row," Chris says. "You get used to life on the water."

Eight weeks on the water in close quarters and poor weather can put a strain on a relationship. Friends teased that they wouldn't be speaking by the end of the trip.

"We came back closer than ever." Cindy nudges her husband affectionately.

"If you're committed to the relationship more than the trip you have a better chance of saving the friendship or

marriage," Chris says. "It's the marriage that's important, not getting to Juneau."

That's the kind of statement that Francis Cunningham would be proud to hear coming from his son.

"What I like about it is the kind of human being it's made him," Francis says. "He's experienced a sense of scale, wind and water, hot and cold, all the realities of earth and water. He has begun to make contact with the human race from 1,000 years ago. He knows exactly how it felt to be living in a boat and to build it."

"He's the person I admire the most. He's one of the most exciting and interesting people I know."



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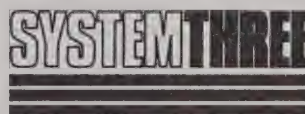
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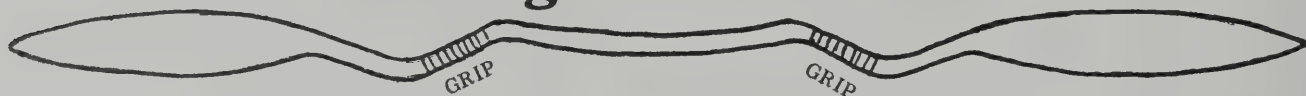
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DESIGNS

Paddling Without Pain



Reader Timothy Dale of Deal Island, MD, took up kayaking three years ago to explore the labyrinth of creeks and marshes on the Chesapeake shore, but soon found that the act of paddling gave him chronic wrist pain that didn't seem to want to ever go away. So, Timothy decided to study his problem from his professional viewpoint as a physician assistant. The result was a bent shaft double paddle design, and Timothy wants to share with you his findings in case you have similar problems paddling.

"For the past five years I've lived on the Maryland eastern shore of the Chesapeake. A little over three years ago I purchased a sea kayak in order to explore the region's rivers, marshes and creeks, as well as the Bay itself. I read everything I could find in print beforehand and had no trouble mastering the basics of paddling. Teen years at whitewater canoeing helped. But, right off I began experiencing wrist pain which I could not alleviate.

The pain was located at the knuckle of the thumb and the thumb side of the wrist. It was always worst when returning to paddling after a layoff of a week or more, but never really left me even

with daily paddling. It finally got so bad it interfered with my ability to work at my job as a physician assistant. I diagnosed this as tendonitis and had a splint fitted. Two weeks in a splint and six weeks of no paddling passed before the pain subsided.

This made me think about my paddling technique. Despite trying all sorts of adjustments in my technique (right hand, left hand, non-feathered) it got no better. So I began observing the hand and wrist action when paddling, and noted they assumed unnatural positions. First considerations then were about paddle design changes, but I could not conceive of anything less complex than a sure to be awkward sort of universal mechanical joint. Then I came up with a bent shaft idea.

The inspiration came from the bent bar that weight lifters use in the "curl" to avoid straining the wrists. Instead of bending the bar so as to have the wrists facing upwards, I bent it so as to face the wrists partially downwards. I figured most of my problem was from having my wrists facing too far down. The standard straight paddle shaft combined with the sweeping stroke keeping the paddle blade a fair distance from the boat and the fairly horizontal orientation of the shaft was aggravating my wrists. If the shaft were held with my hand more vertically oriented, the hand on the pulling (lower) side of the stroke would suffer less of the unnatural twisting this motion incurs. Raising the opposite pushing side high enough to accomplish this would be very tiring and ineffective for propulsion.

So I chose to introduce bends in the shaft to keep my wrists more vertical while the shaft remained conventionally horizontal in orientation. My first drawings were bizarre in appearance, but I gradually refined them to the form on the drawing provided here. I carved a paddle from a 2"x8" Sitka spruce plank with the angles of the handle sections and oval shaft cross sections scaled to my skinny small proportions. I drew the shape on the spruce plank, jig sawed it out and carved it to final shape with draw knife and spoke shave. An electric sander completed the fairing and blending of the various curves.

The blade shape is my interpretation of native designs I found in Chapelle's *THE SKIN BOATS & BARK CANOES OF NORTH AMERICA*. I felt the bent shaft would require a blade that would have symmetrical pressure on it while in the water and would not flutter. The narrow traditional blade seemed less likely to give me such problems than the modern wide spoon blade shape.

My doubts were still many when test time finally arrived and I hoped all the woodshavings and sawdust would not come to naught. But, all doubts vanished on my first outing, it really worked for me! It did not twist from my grip, nor flutter, and most off all, NO PAIN!! And it was quieter than my fiberglass paddle and moved me along just as quickly with less effort.

After using the paddle about 8 months I decided I had a pretty good thing going and that maybe it would sell. A patent lawyer confirmed to me that it would qualify for "limited patent protection", but I subsequently pursued this no further. I didn't have the funds or expertise for having the paddle manufactured and marketed. And I felt guilty about cashing in on others' discomforts. So I decided I'd just pass on the information for the benefit of anyone who might need it.

Last January I wrote to George Dyson of the Baidarka Historical Society. He seemed a reasonable choice, being interested in the traditional design baidarka, yet open to new ideas (an aluminum framed, nylon skinned baidarka). He was interested and printed a short article on my paddle in one of his newsletters.

I'm sending this to *BOATS* in hopes you'll also publish my experience. At first people question the idea, as I did, reasoning that it will twist out of the hands or be impossible to brace or roll with. A tryout will show it functions beautifully in simple paddling and bracing. I have not tried it rolling, but think at least one would clearly know the paddle's position while upside down."

Any readers wishing to communicate with Timothy Dale on the subject can reach him at P.O. Box 38, Deal Island, MD 21821, (301) 784-2734.

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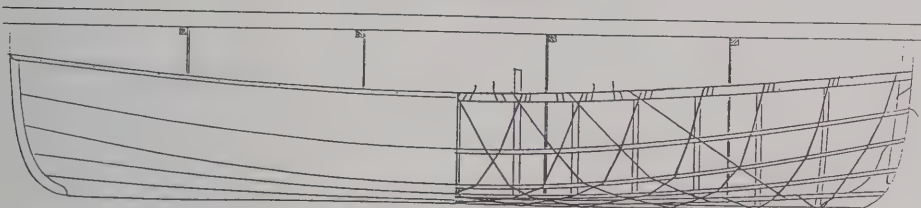
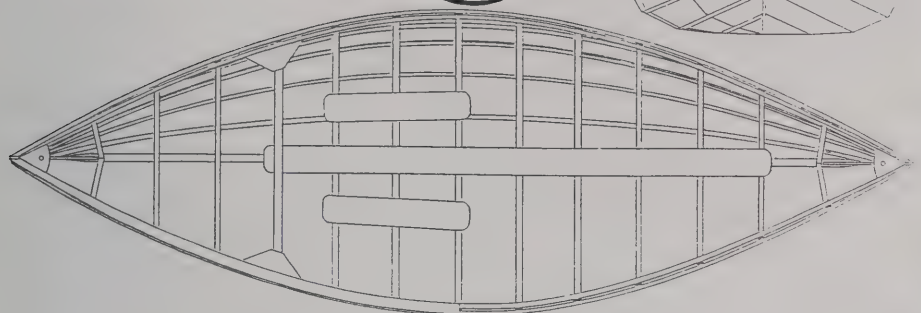
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The small size not only provides one with a pretty much ultimate in light and portable carry-in boats, but also permits shipping an entire building kit via UPS. The kit with plans and detailed

step-by-step building instructions is \$195. Plans and instructions alone, which include sources for materials, are \$23 postpaid.

The prototype was on display this past fall at Bradley International Airport in Hartford, CT, as part of the Brookfield Craft School display there. Platt adds an interesting new perspective on how to get one of these for yourself. If you haven't the time or skill, buy two kits and trade one to a friend who has the time and skill in return for him building your boat at the same time.

For all the details, or plans or kits, Monfort Associates, RFD 2, Box 416, Wiscasset, ME 04578, (207) 882-5504.

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SAILING ALONE ACROSS THE SEA

Howard Blackburn is a real person who has assumed somewhat mythic stature in his home town of Gloucester, Massachusetts. His fame as an intrepid seaman was established after he survived several winter days off Newfoundland rowing some 60 miles to shore in a dory after losing contact with the schooner. He lost most of his fingers from frostbite. Subsequently, he embarked on several solo trips across the Atlantic in small boats, and achieved worldwide fame for these adventures.

I'd heard the stories but never really read up on Blackburn, so after hearing Gloucester author Joe Garland talk about a couple of Blackburn's boats he's owned, and Gloucester builder Larry Dahlmer discuss the restoration of Blackburn's GREAT REPUBLIC (which now rests in Gloucester in storage awaiting an appropriate memorial sort of display site) I decided to read Garland's book, "Lone Voyager". Garland has written many books relating to Gloucester and the sea, and tells a good story, in print or in person.

While I was reading "Lone Voyager", a copy of "Tinkerbelle" happened to come my way. This book, written in 1965, two years after Garland wrote about Blackburn's solo adventures, was written by Robert Manry about his solo trip across the Atlantic in the then smallest craft to do so, a 12.5' Old Town Whitecap daysailer Manry had rigged for deep sea sailing. So I read this one right after finishing the Blackburn story.

The two men could hardly have been more different. Blackburn, at the turn of the century, was a huge bear of a man with a lifetime of seafaring experience, owner of a profitable saloon, public figure of note already in his home city. Manry in 1960 was a midwestern newspaper copy editor living a secure suburban life with wife and two children. Blackburn was a consummate self-promoter, Manry was nearly totally reticent about his sailing. Blackburn's experiences at sea were legion, Manry sailed with his family in his first ever sailboat, an Old Town Whitecap 12.5' daysailer, on ponds and lakes.

Blackburn apparently was intent on proving that loss of his fingers, which had set his life ashore after the dory incident, posed no obstacle to seafaring. At the time at the end of the 19th century, a number of adventurers had been sailing across the Atlantic in small boats, in fact one man had taken 80 days to sail a collapsible folding craft 14 feet in length to Portugal. Others had gone in dories of 17', 19', etc. Blackburn wasn't apparently after the "smallest" claim, his GREAT WESTERN was 30' in length, a miniature

WINTER READING

fishing schooner hull sloop rigged. The later GREAT REPUBLIC was 25', so Howard wasn't after smallest. His third and final attempt after a number of years was in a 17' dory, decked over, but a series of bad storms battered him so badly he had to give it up. Even then, though, his choice of a smaller boat wasn't based on trying for "smallest". It wasn't smallest to begin with. It was small enough for it to be later displayed in a travelling circus to his financial benefit had he succeeded.

Manry wasn't going after "smallest" intentionally, he was going because he'd always dreamed of so doing, and the boat he owned happened to be 12.5' in length. Blackburn had his boats built professionally to his specific order. Manry bought a tired old daysailer, fiberglassed the bottom and built his own watertight cabin structure in his backyard..

Garland's story of Blackburn's adventures relies heavily on Blackburn's diaries and his own earlier published accounts, with Garland's personal knowledge of Blackburn and his boats filling it in nicely. The two successful Atlantic crossings, the one unsuccessful one, the frustrating trip via the Hudson River, Erie Canal, Great Lakes and Mississippi River to Florida all are well chronicled, as is Blackburn's life in Gloucester where the demon rum he provided fishermen in his saloon supported his adventures as well as very generous and discrete charitable spending.

Manry's story is from a professional newsman and is a first person account, it too is well structured and most readable. Manry's woeful apparent lack of any expertise for such a trip, coupled with his own self awareness of being just an ordinary guy with a little dream to live out, renders it particularly charming. Manry's family supported his quixotic notion

100% (Blackburn's wife never even saw him off on his trips), but he left without fanfare quietly from Cape Cod, a six week leave of absence from his employer given under the impression he was sailing to Europe with friends in a large yacht. He didn't even leave until he heard by phone that his wife was safely back home in Ohio after towing TINKERBELLE to the sea with the family station wagon.

In both cases, 60 years or so apart, the news media latched onto the adventures. Blackburn "announced" his trips at press conferences, and his departures were attended by thousands of onlookers lining Gloucester harbor. His arrivals were met with large welcoming crowds and attendant celebrations. Manry left, as noted, unnoticed. Only after he'd been at sea for some time did his employers learn the true nature of his adventure. They in turn announced it to the world, and Manry sailed on into fame totally unaware of his being even noticed. His plan, in fact, on arrival in England, was to go to a good hotel, get cleaned up and rested, and the next day drop in on the local paper to suggest they might find his story interesting. A few days prior to his arrival, he began to realize this modest plan was not to be, as planes and ships and boats constantly came out to greet him, and his final arrival was met by a crowd of 50,000 cheering Britishers and hundreds of American journalists who had flown over to chronicle the great moment.

Howard Blackburn (who died in 1932) lives on today ever larger in status, almost a Paul Bunyan of seafaring for the people of Gloucester. Blackburn Tavern exists still today, but as an upscale restaurant/bar far removed from his original trade. Robert Manry dropped back into his midwestern obscurity twenty years ago after his one brief moment on the world stage. Even his "smallest" achievement has in recent years been bettered by an 8' boat. Yet, as I contemplate both these men from what I learned in these books, there's no doubt to me that Robert Manry was a guy like you and I who had a dream and lived it. Howard Blackburn had the stuff (and the P.T. Barnum touch) that makes "heroes" and the longer perspective from which he is viewed today enhances that image.

If you decide to read these books (assuming you haven't already), try to read them both in sequence as I did, to truly appreciate the enormous differences between two men with a similar dream.

"Lone Voyager" by Joseph E. Garland, Little Brown & Co. 1963.

"Tinkerbelle" by Robert Manry, Harper & Row, 1965.

POCKET CRUISERS for the Backyard Builder



**30 small sailboats you can
build for less than \$12,000**

Dave Gerr's compendium of 30 small sailboats fills a large format 8.5"x11" paperback of 150 pages, and is published by International Marine. I was attracted to it as an overview in one book of some possible choices or ideas in pocket cruisers. It is that, with perhaps a bit of thrust towards the upper end of the "less than \$12,000" cost range Dave announces on the cover. A three ton caravelle of 28 feet fully found isn't likely to come in under \$12k even were I to do it. And Dave's own MADRIGAL at barely 19' was over \$25k built for him as I recall.

All that aside (the cost estimates) the book has an eclectic range of design choices starting of with 15'9" NANCY'S CHINA by Sam Devlin, ranging through ULDB high performance ultra lights, constant camber multihulls, traditional Sam Crocker types, very British Maxwell cutter, catboats, modern fin keel, old time full keel, centerboard. Dave has two of his own designs included, but does not favor these with any more space than his other choices from amongst a couple of dozen designers.

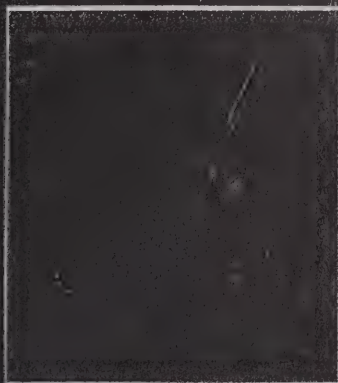
His comments on each design are positive ones, he often includes backgrounding on the derivation of the design, even to including lines drawings of predecessor types. He also tosses in nuggets on building techniques that the designs might require, not in depth of course, but brief comments on choosing building lumber, on how to caulk, things like that.

It's a very readable book for dreaming, and should you latch on to any of the study plans featured, full building plans are available for all designs from their various designers, who are listed in the appendix.

"Pocket Cruisers for the Backyard Builder" by Dave Gerr, International Marine Publishing, Camden, ME 04843, \$17.95.

The
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Series

Sailing in Windy Weather



Richard Henderson

Here's another in "The Seamanship Series" from International Marine Publishing. Richard Henderson tells us in 125 pages what those of us who need such advice should know about sailing small boats in windy (not stormy or "heavy") weather. His point is that there's much excitement and adventure to be had sailing when its windier than novice caution might view as acceptable. He discusses the setting up and rigging of the boat at length (both keel and centerboard types), including ballast, organizing of running rigging, sail types and choices, etc. He also discusses sailing techniques and practices needed to successfully deal with winds in the 17-40 mph range. Beyond Force 8 he views strong gale winds as not something to be tackled on purpose in small sailboats.

The 5.5"x8.5" paperback sells for \$9.95 and I found it particularly informative.

"Sailing in Windy Weather", International Marine Publishing, Camden, ME 04843, \$9.95.

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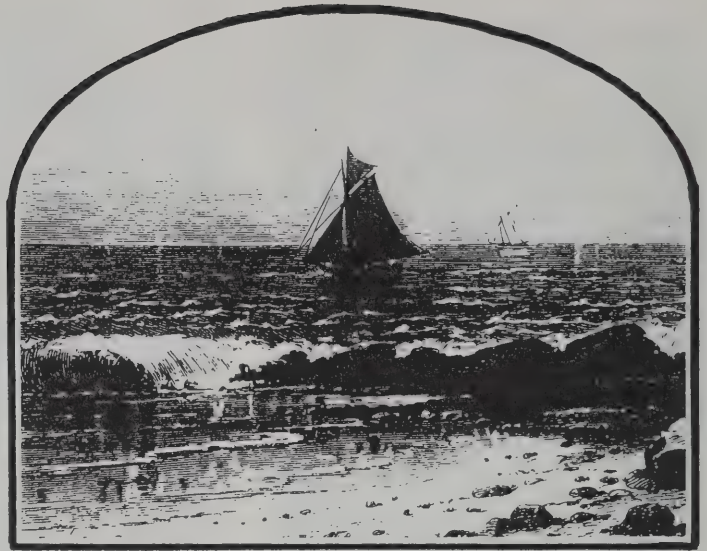
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Next morning, the fog was very dense, but the sun was shining and the air soon grew hot. The old Pilot said he thought the fog would lift at noon, so we rowed the sloop out upon the ocean to be ready for the breeze if it should spring up.

Off Halibut Point the Professor dredged, but got little, the bottom being muddy. The rest of us fished, and caught, among other things, a couple of conger-eels about two feet each in length. They were yellowish white, mottled with dirty spots, the head and neck thick, the mouth large, but the body slender and snake-like. These creatures have been caught ten feet long and as thick as a man's arm. The Professor dissected those we took, and found in their stomachs a large quantity of crustaceans.

About the middle of the forenoon, to our great relief — we were heartily tired of the fog, and longed to be on our way Down East — a light south-east breeze sprung up. We started at once for the Isles of Shoals which lay nearly due north from us, about twenty miles distant. We headed somewhat easterly to counteract the current which sets into Ipswich Bay on the flood tide. The breeze increased, and we dashed on finely through the fog, keeping a sharp lookout ahead. After running about two hours, we suddenly met a large schooner bearing down on



CARTER'S COAST OF NEW ENGLAND

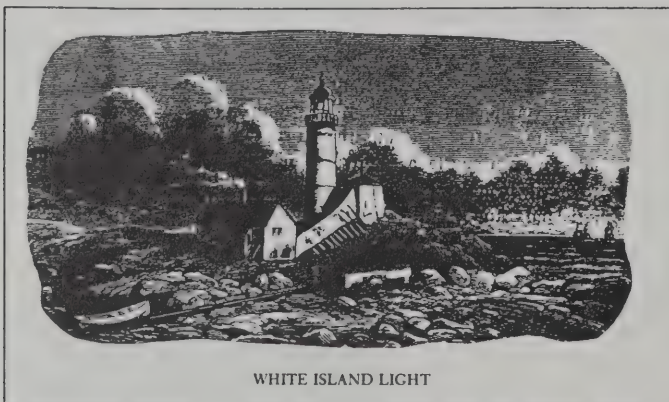
Being an account of a cruise from Provincetown to Bar Harbor in the summer of 1858,

Permission to bring you this interesting serial has been given by the publisher, New Hampshire Publishing Company, Somersworth, NH.

it did rapidly and beautifully, curling and wreathing and rolling off its soft fleeces whiter than wool, until they melted into thin air. Then, far off before us, we saw on the horizon a white spot, like an immense ship, or like a house built right in the sea. This, the Pilot said, was White Island Lighthouse, the southernmost point of the Isles of Shoals.

At 2:30 the blue peak of Agamenticus, a mountain on the coast of Maine, appeared in sight beyond the Isles. It is seen to a vast distance on the ocean, and is a noted landmark among the fishermen and seamen who navigate these stormy waters. About 4 o'clock we reached the islands, running through a squadron of seine-boats, cruising for mackerel, and passing close to a high conical rock, rising like a haystack from the water, on the top of which stood a picturesque group of red-shirted fishermen watching for mackerel schools.

We ran to the westward of the southern islands for some distance, and then hauled up and entered the harbor, which is a sort of roadstead, where we anchored between Star Island and Appledore, famous in song and story.



WHITE ISLAND LIGHT

us. She emerged from the fog like a ghost, and passed close to us. Her skipper, standing on the taffrail, hailed as she swept by: "Whereaway is Cape Ann?"

"Ten or twelve miles south by west," responded our Pilot, who said the stranger was a mackerel vessel, probably on her way home from the Isles of Shoals. In a moment she vanished into the mist.

Soon after this the fog began to clear away, which



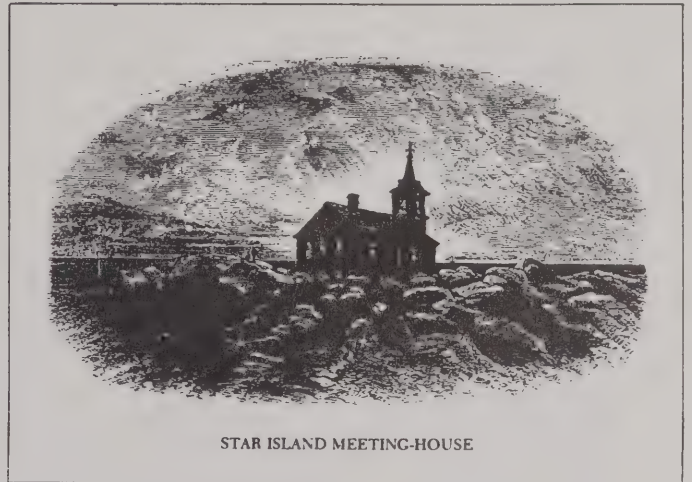
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THE ISLES OF SHOALS THE PRINCE OF APPLEDORE NIGHT ON THE WATER

The Isles of Shoals form a group of eight small rocky islets, lying close together, about nine miles from the Portsmouth lighthouses. The largest of them, Appledore, has an area of three hundred and fifty acres, or a little more than half a square mile. Star Island, the next in size, comprises one hundred and fifty acres; Haley's, the third in extent, about one hundred.* The five other isles are mere rocks, the largest measuring not more than eight acres in extent.

These islands were discovered in 1614 by Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, and seem at one time to have been of some importance. It is on record, I believe, that a session of the Provincial Legislature of New Hampshire was once held here; and on Appledore there was once a courthouse and a church, though now the only buildings on the island are a summer hotel and one or two deserted

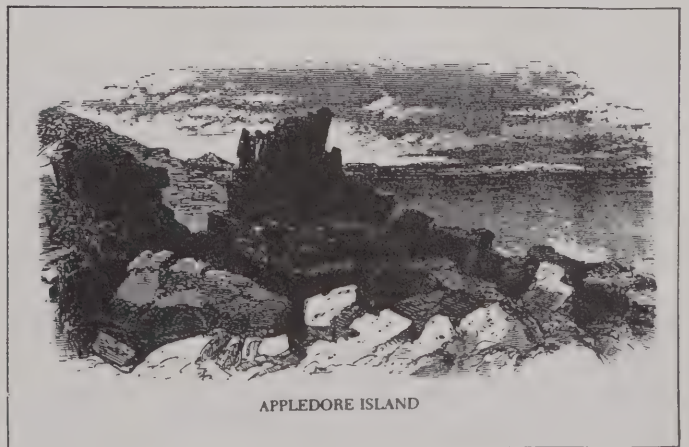
houses. For a century before the Revolution the population of the group had risen to six hundred. Now it numbers only a hundred, who live chiefly in a village on Star Island, off which our vessel lay. William Pepperell, an ancestor of Sir William Pepperell, the taker of Louisburg, was among the first settlers at the Shoals, and there, in the fisheries, became rich and laid the foundation of the fortunes of his family.



STAR ISLAND MEETING-HOUSE

The neighborhood of the Isles is a famous fishing-ground, and as soon as we had cast anchor we got out our lines. The water was very deep, and we caught plenty of pollack weighing two or three pounds apiece, cunners a foot in length, and several cod and haddock. After fishing awhile, the Professor determined to try his luck with the dredge in the harbor. The Artist and I got the Pilot to row us in the dory to Appledore, whose huge five-storied hotel, perched on the western side, excited our curiosity. We landed with difficulty on the steep and slippery rocks, and the Pilot returned to the sloop to take the Professor and his dredge.

The Artist and I rambled for an hour or two over Appledore, which is nothing but a huge rock, nearly a mile in length, with an elevation at the highest of sixty feet above the sea. It is seamed with fissures,



APPLEDORE ISLAND

*Haley's is now called Smuttynose.

apparently the work of earthquakes, for no other power is adequate to their production. The vegetation is of the scantiest — a little grass, a few bushes, an elm and a cherry tree, and a patch of potatoes a few rods square, was all that we could discover. A small green snake was the only wild animal I saw. The tame ones were a cow and a few sheep.

We found the landlord of the hotel, the proprietor and prince of the island, sitting on the broad veranda watching the western sky. He was immensely stout and jolly. He told us he had not been off the island for thirteen years, and pretended to be much surprised at our fondness for wandering about, when we might stay quietly at home. Our projected visit to Grand Manan, he spoke of as one would a voyage to the Antarctic. In early life he had been a member of the New Hampshire Legislature and an active politician, but a disappointment of some kind, perhaps of love, perhaps of ambitions, had led him to obtain the office of keeper of White Island Light, on which lonely, storm-beaten rock he had passed many years, cut off from mankind more completely than any hermit. Tired at length of his isolation, he had relinquished his office and settled on Appledore, which, though more extensive in territory, was hardly more populous than his lighthouse rock, except for a few months in summer.

Returning to the shore of the island, we saw far off the Professor, in his red shirt, busily dredging, with the Pilot rowing the dory. We had, of course, to wait their pleasure to be taken off. So, after exploring a ruined house near by, we seated ourselves on the rocks and watched the purple sunset behind the blue mountains on the mainland. In the course of half an hour the Professor returned to the sloop with the spoils of his dredging, and, after putting him on board, the Pilot came back and took us off the rocks — not without difficulty, so steep and slippery with seaweed was the shore.

Among other things, the Professor had drawn up from the bottom some specimens of the northern spider-crab. This creature is very sluggish, and consequently becomes so overgrown with seaweeds and polyps as to resemble a walking forest rather than a crab. Its covering serves for concealment, and two glistening eyes among the foliage, forever on the watch for prey, enable him to spy and seize many an unlucky mollusk who creeps unsuspectingly near.

Night came, and with it a slight mist which glorified while it partially veiled the surrounding objects. There were several mackerel-jiggers in the harbor from Swampscott and Cape Ann, and their officers visited us to inquire for news. As we

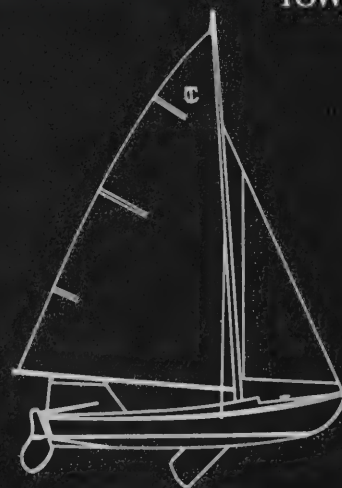
sat on deck chatting and smoking, I was struck with the wildly picturesque nature of the scene. The moon was up, and her light, blending and struggling with the soft, drifting mist, disclosed glimpses of the rocky ribs against which the low note of the sea was sounding. Southward, at no great distance, White Island light was revolving, heightening, as it now appeared and now disappeared, the weird impression of the moonlight and the mist. Presently a large schooner came gliding into the harbor, coming out of the mist with a silent, ghost-like suddenness, the effect of which upon the imagination is unlike any phenomenon of the land that I have ever witnessed.



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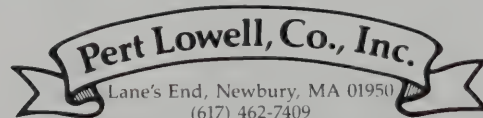
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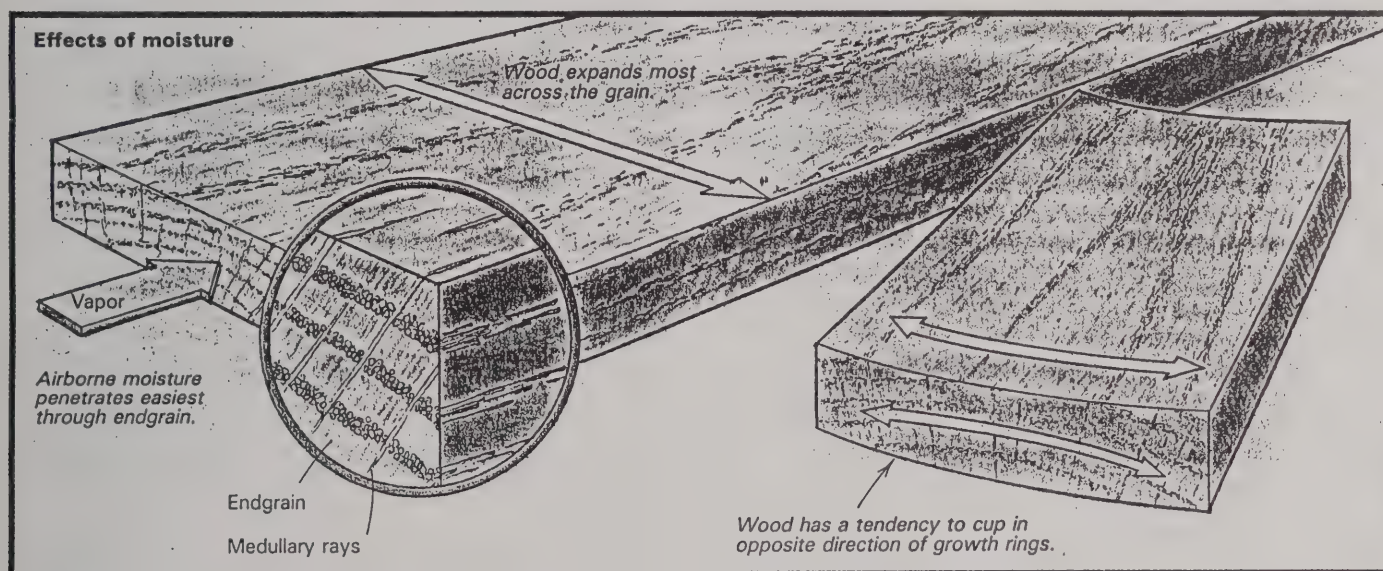
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Here's a sort of technical article that came our way about some lab testing the Forest Products Laboratory did on the relative abilities of various finishes/sealers to keep water from being absorbed into the treated wood. The article was published in the May/June, 1987, issue of FINE WOODWORKING, and came to us from Jerry Schindler, proprietor of the Chem-Tech epoxy firm. Since Jerry's Chem-Tech epoxy was used in the testing to represent an epoxy sealer, and was the most effective finish used that was practical (hot paraffin dip did best on a single coating but how long would that last?), Jerry naturally has an axe to grind in sending it to us. He obtained permission for reprinting it from the publisher, so here goes:

Protecting Wood from Humidity

Lab tests show which finishes work, which don't

by William Feist and Gary Peterson



Whether indoors and protected from weather, or outdoors and exposed to the elements, wood is always affected by moisture. It swells when it adsorbs liquid from rain, dew or moisture vapor in the air and shrinks as it dries.

Protecting wood from moisture is of no small importance. The more moisture that gets beyond the finish, the more grief you'll have with warped panels, joints that swell and break, drawers that stick and wood that discolors. Of course, the woodworker's dream finish would seal the wood entirely against moisture and protect the surface against dirt and abrasion, all without obscuring the appeal of the grain that makes us appreciate wood in the first place.

About a year and a half ago, the Forest Products Laboratory (FPL) completed a study that examined just how well finishes resist moisture vapor. And, while we didn't necessarily find that ideal finish, we did learn that wood coated with some types of finishes will be less affected than wood left completely unfinished. Our tests of 91 finishes showed that no coating entirely prevents wood from adsorbing moisture. We also found great differences in the effectiveness of many finishes. Some popular ones (linseed oil, tung oil and lacquer, for example) represent hardly any barrier to moisture vapor while other materials that aren't even considered to be finishes—paraffin wax, for instance—sealed the wood almost completely.

The problem with protecting wood from moisture vapor lies in the material itself: it's literally full of holes. In fact, when

seen under magnification, it would not be inaccurate to describe wood as mostly pores surrounded by smaller amounts of organic material. These pores provide lots of entry points for moisture vapor; and even the finish meant to seal them will be somewhat permeable. Ultimately, even the best moisture-resisting finishes only slow, but don't completely stop, the exchange of moisture vapor.

As wood takes on moisture vapor, it expands—which explains why a door that closes just so in the winter sticks annoyingly when humid summer weather arrives. As the drawing above shows, most of the expansion (and when the wood dries, contraction) occurs across a board's width rather than along its length. More shrinking and swelling will take place parallel to the growth rings than perpendicular to them. Thus, a board sawn so its growth rings are parallel to its face (plainsawn) will shrink and swell much more than a board sawn with rings perpendicular to its face (quartersawn).

This bit of wood lore is useful to know for two reasons. First of all, a quartersawn board will be less likely to warp because it expands less across its face. Secondly, to reduce warpage in any wood, moisture exchange must occur evenly on all sides and edges of the board. So, if you coat only one side with a finish, the face you skip will pick up or lose moisture faster than the coated side. This uneven exchange promotes warping. It's imperative, therefore, that the same number of finish coats be

applied to both sides of the board. And don't forget the end-grain, either. A great deal of moisture exchange occurs through the exposed pores of the endgrain.

In our tests, we refer to the effectiveness of a finish in terms of moisture-excluding effectiveness (MEE). To make it easier to understand the results, we used a numeric rating for each finish. This is a relative value, based on the number of coats applied to the clear Ponderosa pine samples we used in our tests. To get this rating, we took a piece of smooth pine, cut it in half and completely finished one half while the other half was left uncoated. To establish a reference point, we exposed both samples to 80°F temperatures at 30% humidity until both would adsorb no more water vapor. Then, both samples were exposed for one, seven and 14 days at 80°F and 90% relative humidity. (This exposure to controlled atmospheres of higher humidity imitated a "real world" situation, similar to going from low humidity in the winter to high humidity in the summer.) To arrive at the MEE, we simply weighed the pieces before and after exposing them to the higher humidity.

Perfect protection by the coating—or no gain of water vapor—would be represented by 100% effectiveness; complete lack of protection (as with unfinished wood) by 0%. Most of the coatings were brushed on; a few were dipped. We kept the more moisture-resistant finishes in the test longer (up to 150 days). Also, all test samples were completely coated with the finish.

As the chart shows, most clear and pigmented coatings that form some sort of film and are not latex-based will slow the rate at which water vapor enters wood. In general, solvent-based pigmented coatings, such as paints, are more effective in slowing moisture exchange than clear coatings, such as varnish or shellac, since pigments—the fine solid particles used to color finishes—increase the barrier against moisture vapor. Within practical limits, the more coats applied, the greater the barrier to moisture vapor penetration and the slower the moisture level will change.

The finishes shown in the chart illustrate the range of our test results. Although not generally considered a finish, paraffin wax still proved to be the most effective, with an MEE rating of 95% after a dip-coated sample was exposed for 14 days. We had good results brushing it on as well: a one-coat, molten paraffin wax brush treatment topped the ratings for one-coat, brush-applied finishes, with an MEE of 69%.

Another unusual finish we tested was a two-part (resin and hardener) epoxy coating. It had a rating of 91% for three coats and 88% for two coats. Conventional two-part epoxy paints, often intended for marine use, were also very effective, especially with three coats.

The degree of moisture vapor protection afforded by a coating or finish depends on several factors. Among these are how thick a film the finish leaves; whether it contains pigments; the type of binder (the non-volatile, solid portion of the finish that holds the pigment particles together after the film is dry); the kind of resin (a film-forming solid or semi-solid organic substance, usually derived from chemical or natural products); and how long the wood is exposed to high or low humidity.

We found the wood samples adsorbed more water vapor as time went on. The longer the finished pieces were exposed to high humidity, the poorer their vapor retardance; eventually, moisture vapor finds its way in.

The chart shows that penetrating finishes like linseed oil, tung oil and furniture polishes are at the bottom of the scale, offering minimal or no protection even after three heavy brush coats. Because penetrating finishes don't form a film, they're usually not effective for controlling water vapor, even though they may be good at protecting against liquid water and staining from dirt.

Latex- or water-based varnishes are also not very effective (although not shown, neither are latex paints). When these coatings dry, they leave small openings that allow water vapor to penetrate.

While penetrating oils, such as linseed and tung, are not very effective—even when three coats are applied—their effectiveness is greatly increased by blending them with other resins (making varnishes), or by adding both resins and pigments (paints). The more resin or pigment incorporated, within practical limits, the greater the effectiveness. As a rule, oil-based paints are more effective than varnishes; enamels (essentially paints with finer-ground pigments) are even more so.

The use of fillers to "plug" wood pores will indirectly contribute to improving the MEE and will also provide a smooth surface on which to build a uniform top coat. Woods with large pores, such as oak, will be more difficult to coat effectively than, say, cherry. Thinning a finish so it acts as a "sealer" may indirectly help in the same way, but it will probably do more to improve the appearance and durability of the final finish than to enhance the MEE.

This chart shows the moisture-excluding effectiveness (MEE) of a variety of finishes and other materials. Of the 91 finishes tested, these figures are the best for each finish type. The chart is arranged from highest MEE to lowest. Ratings are given for one, two and three coats after 14 days of exposure at 80°F and 90% relative humidity. Negative numbers indicate that the finish itself adsorbed water. (N.A. = not applicable)

	1 Coat	2 Coats	3 Coats
Melted paraffin wax (dip coat) (brush coat)	95 69	N.A. N.A.	N.A. N.A.
Two-part epoxy sheathing ★	54	88	91
Two-part epoxy polyamide sheathing gloss (paint)	53	82	87
Aluminum-flake-pigmented polyurethane gloss varnish	41	77	84
Soya-tung alkyd satin enamel	50	70	80
Two-part polyurethane gloss varnish	0	46	66
Epoxy gloss varnish	3	34	50
Orange shellac	2	25	46
Polyurethane gloss varnish	11	36	44
Alkyd satin wood finish	8	29	43
Polyurethane satin varnish	8	27	41
Nitrocellulose alkyd lacquer	7	24	40
Phenolic tung floor sealer	1	18	35
Soya epoxy gloss and trim sealer	1	13	31
Soya alkyd phenolic/tung gloss spar varnish	0	15	30
Acrylic gloss latex varnish	1	6	10
Tung oil	1	1	2
Brazilian carnauba paste wax	0	0	1
Linseed oil	-5	-4	0
Spray furniture polish lemon oil/silicone	0	0	0

The first coat of any finish may "seal" the wood, but it won't provide a totally defect-free, uniform film coating. The second coat usually covers any defects of the first coat and doubles the film thickness. Each succeeding coat will increase the MEE, but when compared to the MEE produced by the first and second coats, the gains will be relatively small—even when up to six coats are applied. This is because the film thickness is doubled for the second coat, but is increased only by a third for the third coat, a fourth for the fourth coat, and so on.

A coating that is effective at keeping water vapor *out* is also effective at keeping it *in*. It took as long—or longer—for a coated specimen to lose water when the humidity was decreased. In fact, it took nearly a year for specimens with the most effective finishes to lose all their moisture after they were exposed at 90% relative humidity for six months.

The information in our studies relates to coatings that are only a few weeks old and not exposed to prolonged aging or severe conditions, such as outdoor weathering (which will quickly damage most coatings, causing them to lose effectiveness).

The moisture resistance of finishes also depends on the type of exposure. For example, water-repellent treatments are quite ineffective against water vapor but—because they cause water to bead on the surface—they're fairly effective against liquid water. So, this type of sealer finish would protect your outdoor wood against rain and dew for some time, but not for very long against humidity.

Most of our studies dealt with brush-applied finishes, although we also compared the effectiveness of dipping. With a

conventional finish like gloss polyurethane varnish, we found that one dip coat was equal in moisture-excluding effectiveness to two brush coats. One dip coat of a soya alkyd gloss enamel paint was equal to three brush coats. The better MEE from dipping occurs because more finish is applied over the wood surface and because dipping for some time (we used 30 seconds) increases penetration and provides greater sealing of the endgrain pores, where most moisture enters.

Protecting wood against humidity is important whether the wood will be outdoors or in. The information shown here should help you determine which finish to use. Perhaps, as well, we have dispelled a few old wives' tales on how to control the effect water vapor has on wood. Among them, that penetrating oils are effective in reducing the adsorption of water vapor. Similarly, thinning a finish so the first coat acts as a sealer may help improve the appearance and durability of the final finish, but it won't do much to protect against humidity.

The most important criteria, then, for protecting against humidity are film thickness and impermeability. But no matter how effective your finish, some vapor still gets through and is adsorbed by the wood. Although it happens too slowly to watch, this means your wood (solid wood, anyway) is always on the move. □

William Feist is a wood finish researcher at the Forest Products Laboratory. Gary Peterson was formerly an information specialist at the lab.

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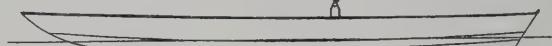


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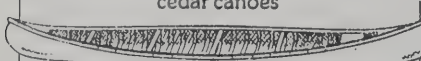
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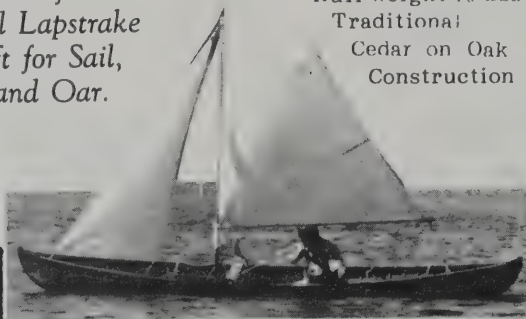
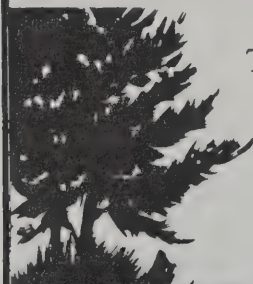
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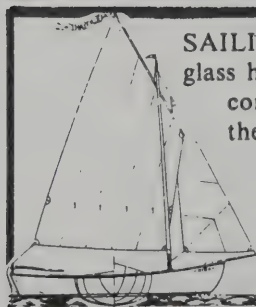
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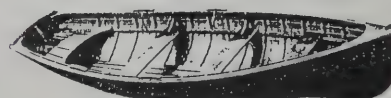


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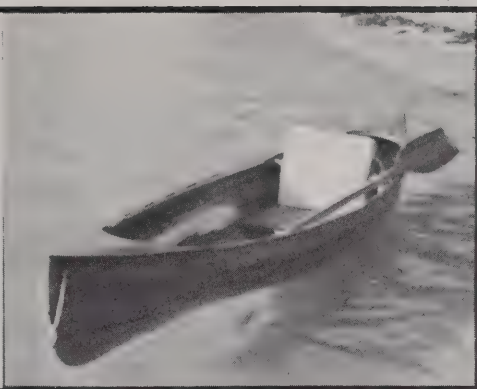
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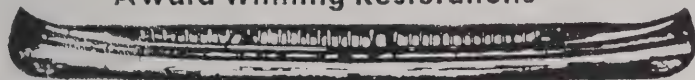
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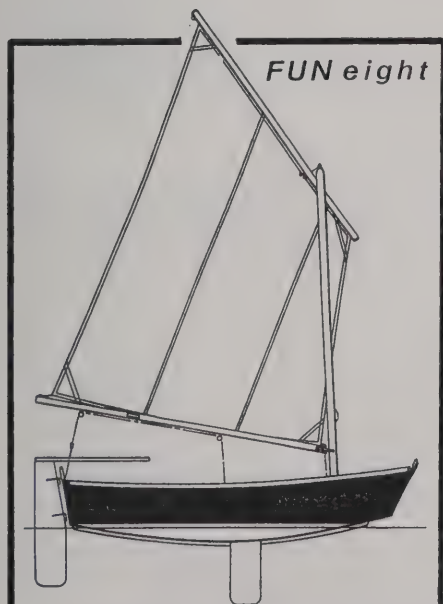
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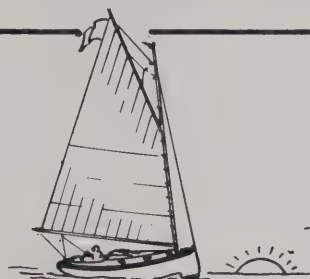
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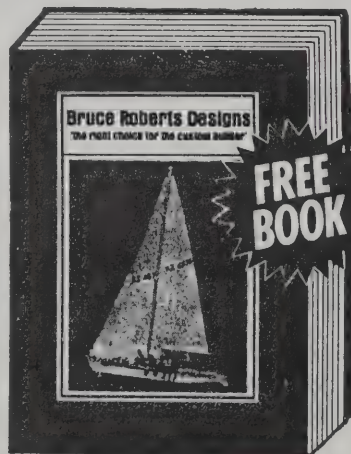
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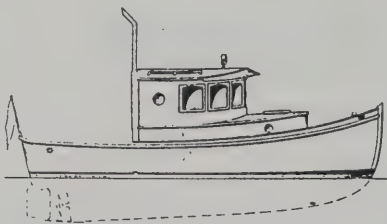
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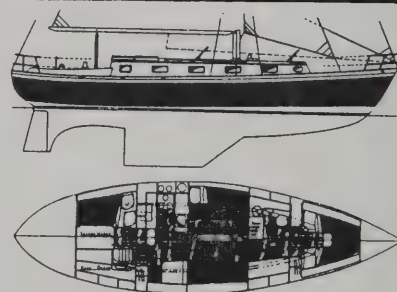
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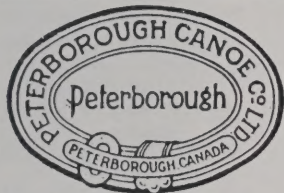
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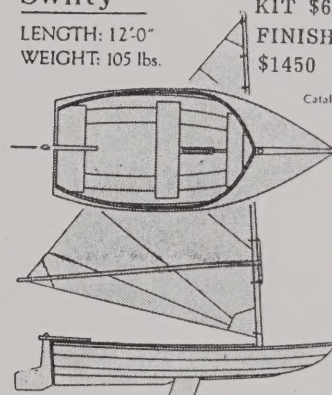
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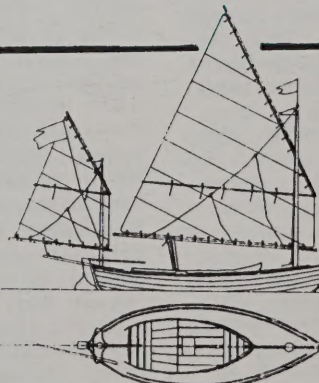
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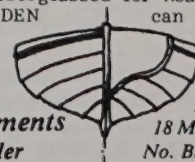
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20" DRAFT (BOARD DOWN)
100 SQ. FT. SAIL AREA
340 LBS. (FULLY RIGGED)
400 LBS. LOAD CAPACITY

NORD VINDEN ("North Wind" in Swedish) is the latest addition to my product line. It was inspired by the canoe yawl *ETHEL* in John Leather's book "Sail & Oar". Construction is glued lap plywood lapstrake, 6.5mm Sapelo planking, 5mm Okoume decking. Deck beams and framing are ash. Cockpit coaming and trim are cherry. Outer stems, rubrail, toe rails, keel, tiller and boomkin are black locust. Floor boards are pine. Two bulkheads with hatches are fitted. One-piece centerboard is 1/8" brass (a folding "radix" type is also available. Bottom and garboards are fibreglassed for heaching abrasion resistance. NORD VINDEN can comfortably accommodate two people and their gear.

Send \$2 for Photos

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